

the Tatler

2/-

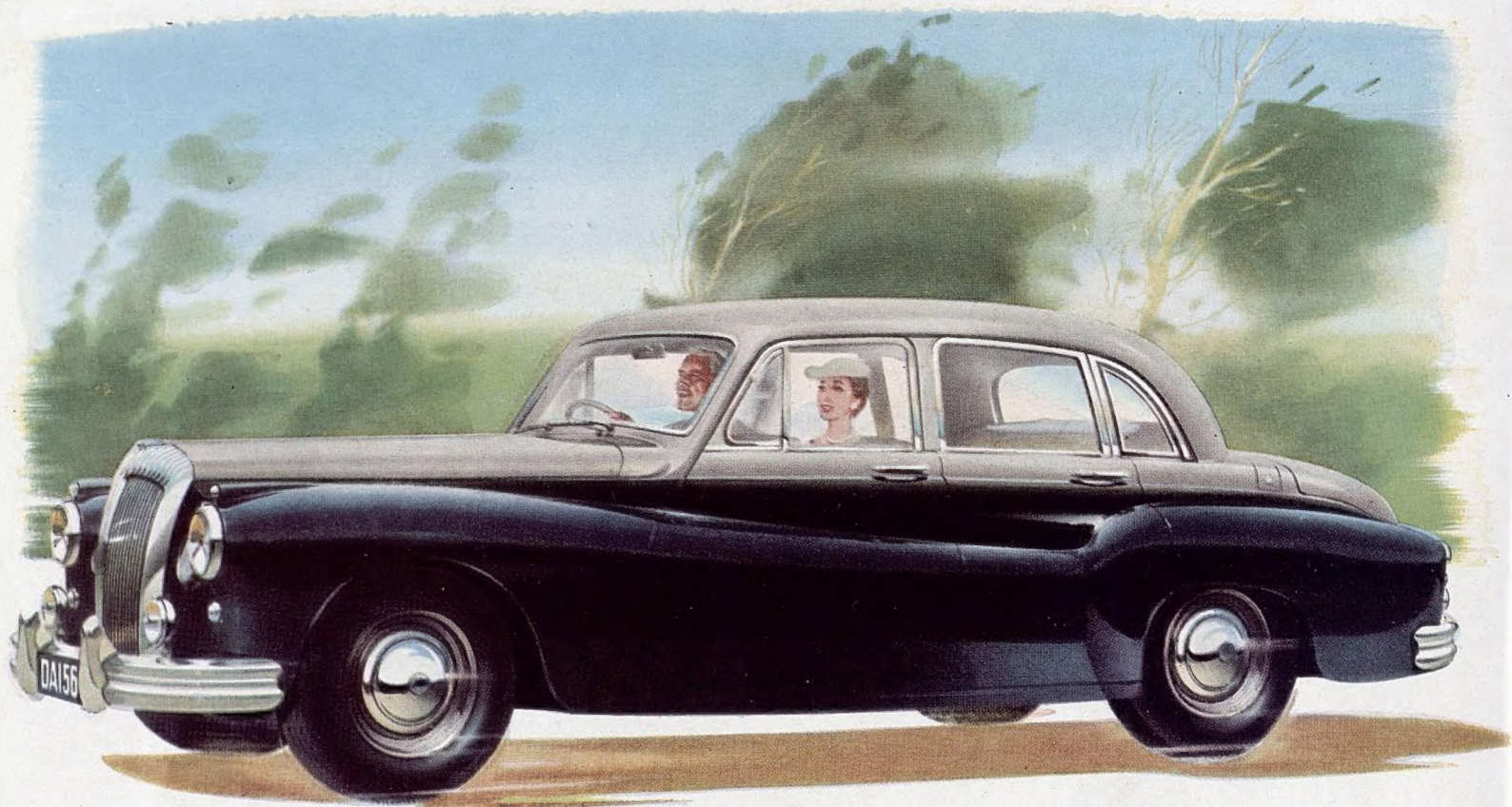
NOVEMBER 9, 1955

& BYSTANDER



WINTER SPORTS NUMBER

100mph!



...drive the new Daimler One-O-Four

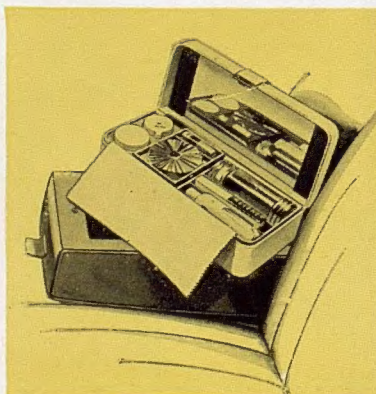
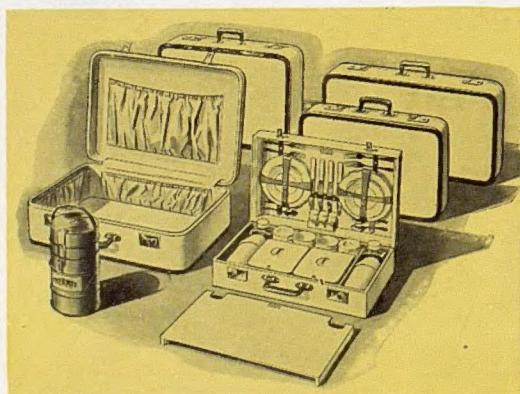
The arrival of the new Daimler 3½ litre One-O-Four has met with enormous enthusiasm. The extremely powerful engine produces 100 m.p.h., and acceleration is really vivid, with a particularly brilliant third gear performance so indispensable in modern traffic conditions. The extra large brakes are servo-assisted and call for only light pedal pressure. This high speed and powerful braking combine with preselector fluid transmission and the renowned road holding of the modern Daimler to provide a silent smoothness of performance

quite unequalled for rapid and tireless cross-country travel. This spacious and luxurious motor car has, in addition, many other refinements.

The special One-O-Four Lady's Model

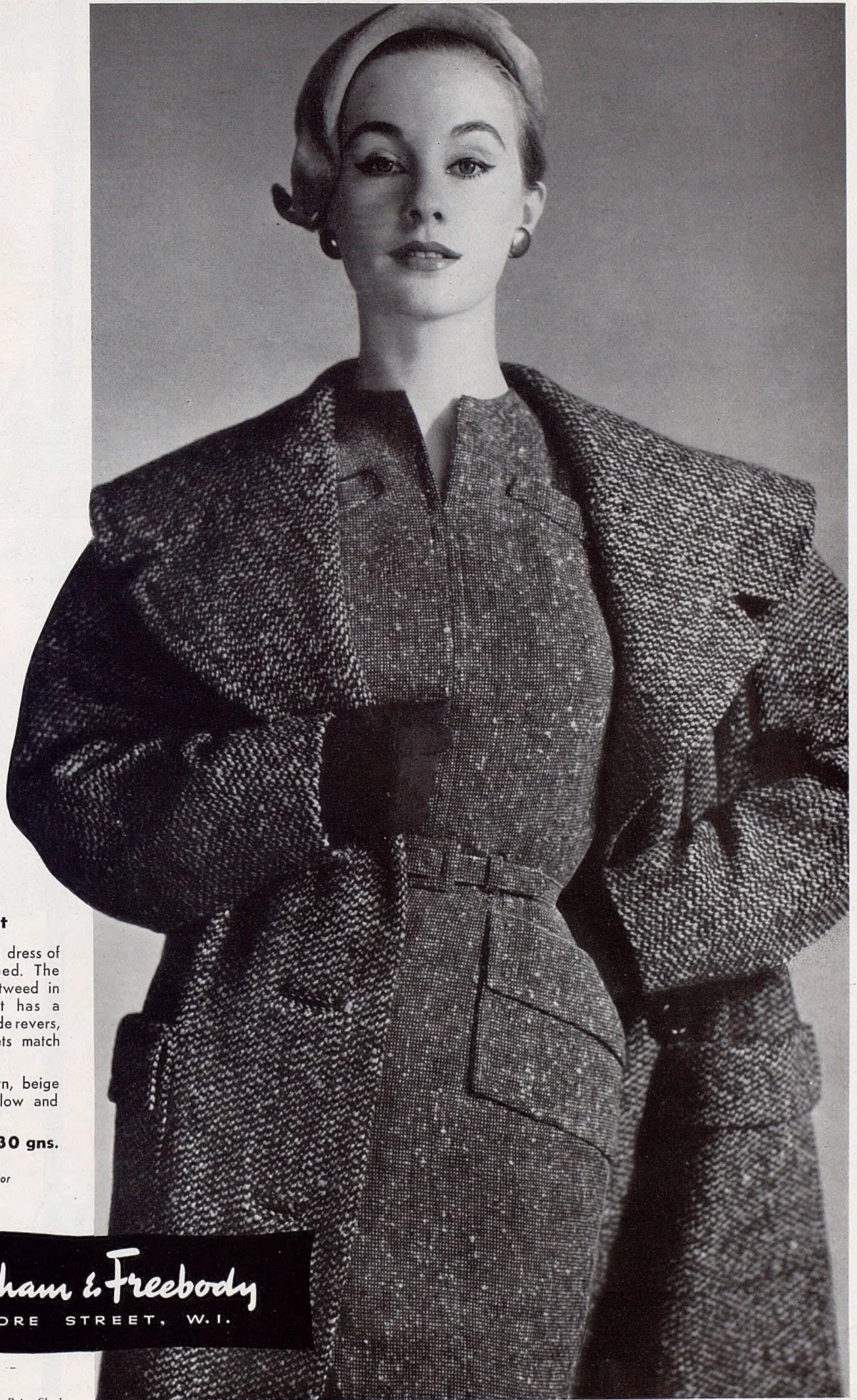
Here—for the first time—is a car specially designed to appeal to the woman who has very definite ideas about the car she wants her husband to buy. While to all outward appearances this special One-O-Four model is entirely suitable for everyday business use, clever storage enables it to include a long list of luxury features

carrying a strong feminine appeal. This list includes: a new burr walnut instrument panel with special drawer and patent touring map; attractive new instruments; power operated windows; elegant vanity case; four aeroweight suitcases; picnic case and ice-box; telescopic umbrella; shooting-stick; sheepskin rug and travelling rug.



Special features of the Lady's model: Suitcases, picnic case and vanity case (cosmetics: Max Factor)

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED, RADFORD WORKS, COVENTRY



**Autumn
Two-piece Suit**

with a well-tailored dress of fine mixture tweed. The coat of matching tweed in a heavier weight has a shawl collar and wide revers, large patch pockets match those on the dress.

In blue and brown, beige and brown or yellow and black mixtures.

Hip sizes 38, 40" **30 gns.**

Suits — First Floor

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

FIRST CHOSEN FOR THEIR LOVELINESS...

"Such heavenly colours!

They flatter all my clothes—
that's why I wear

Aristoc

Stockings should be chosen like lipsticks—
with an eye to colour. That's why Aristoc
nylons are *naturally* yours—they're inspiringly made in many
different shades to complement your
clothes... pretty your legs... highlight your favourite fashion
colours. And there's a lovely Aristoc colour
to go with everything you wear. To spice your outfit
and for sheer feminine flattery, dip
your legs in the magic of Aristoc.

Some of the lovely colours
created by

Aristoc

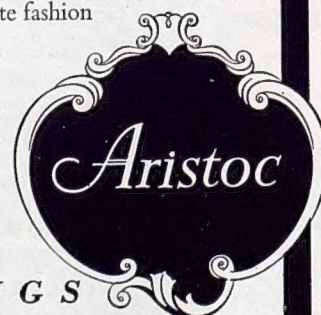
CAPRICE—A lovely
flattering shade, pale as honey.
Perfect with yellows
and light beige.

MAYFAIR—A misty medium
beige, glowing and glamorous.
Looks delicious with red.

TWILIGHT—A shadowy,
hazy beige, mellow as an
Autumn evening. A colour
with an ethereal air, lovely
with any shade of blue.

MIST GREY—A lovely
haunting grey, soft as a dove's
wing. Prettily perfect to wear
with grey or black.

DUSK TAUPE—A deep,
rich beige, faintly tinged
with misty grey. Looks
gorgeous with green.



THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS

From as little as 8/11d.



Above

Thick-knit jacket from Switzerland, deep sleeves, dropped shoulder line, smoked pearl buttons; deep rose red, green, oyster or Mediterranean blue. Bust 34-38 **9 gns**

Checked wool shirt, with deep, buttoned pockets, citron, scarlet, bottle, royal or ice all with black. Bust 34-38 **79/6**

Right

Tucked wool jersey shirt; kingfisher, lime, scarlet, fiesta pink, citron or black. Bust 34-38 Exclusive to us **4½ gns**

Tapered pincord trousers made by us in stock sizes or to measure; yellow, cherry, scarlet, sapphire, peacock, emerald or tan. Waist 24-30 **7½ gns**



Above

Polo-necked thick-knit from Italy all straight simplicity but for the decorative stitch that makes it; oyster, coral, Mediterranean blue or white. Bust 34-38 **6 gns**

Sleek ski trousers, elasticised Vorlagers in sugar-bag blue, dark royal, grey or black. Waist 24, 25, 26, 28, 30, 32 **10½ gns**

HARVEY NICHOLS

LAMBSWOOL

by
Ballantyne
 OF PEEBLES



Left: Fine lambswool twinset, comprising a longsleeved cardigan and roll neck jersey. Colours: Platinum, Mustard, Flamingo, Dark Grey, Duck Egg, Blossom and Baby Blue.

Sizes 34"-40" Price £8.9.6d.

Right: **ELWOOD**—a golfer in fine lambswool intarsia. Colours: Baby Blue-White, Flamingo-White, Blossom-White, Platinum-White, Mustard-White and Light Grey-Cornflower.

Sizes 34"-40" Price £6.16.6

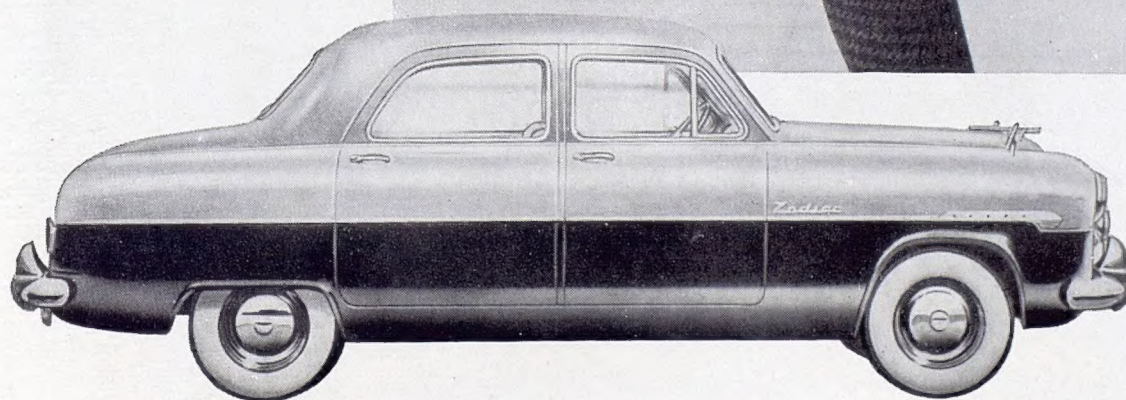
Coplands

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the fashion*

Hat & Suit by Digby Morton



Zephyr **ZODIAC**
FORD 'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING

S-T-R-E-T-C-H SHEERS



DRESS: SUSAN SMALL
JEWELLERY: PARIS HOUSE

MULTI-FIT FOR ALL—THEY ADAPT

Another Klingsil

Invention



THEMSELVES TO ANY LENGTH OF LEG

Klingsil

S-T-R-E-T-C-H SHEERS

PATENTS APPLIED FOR MARCH 1953

Klingsil S-T-R-E-T-C-H Sheers are only available fully-fashioned at present

The party frock that pleaded for



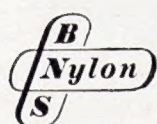
nylon underneath




Dress by Roccliff & Chapman

"Nylon, if you please," said the party frock prettily, "nylon billowing below. Without it," said the frock, "what's a bouffant skirt? Buffoonery—banality—bedevilment of line! An *uninexpensive* frock," said the frock, "*asks* for lavish lingerie. Nylon, in a word."

no word in all the world like



nylon for lingerie



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of All
come from the*

*National
Fur Company*
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A treatise by the National Fur Company—England's leading Mink Specialists — and Catalogue of Model Furs for this season will gladly be sent on approval.

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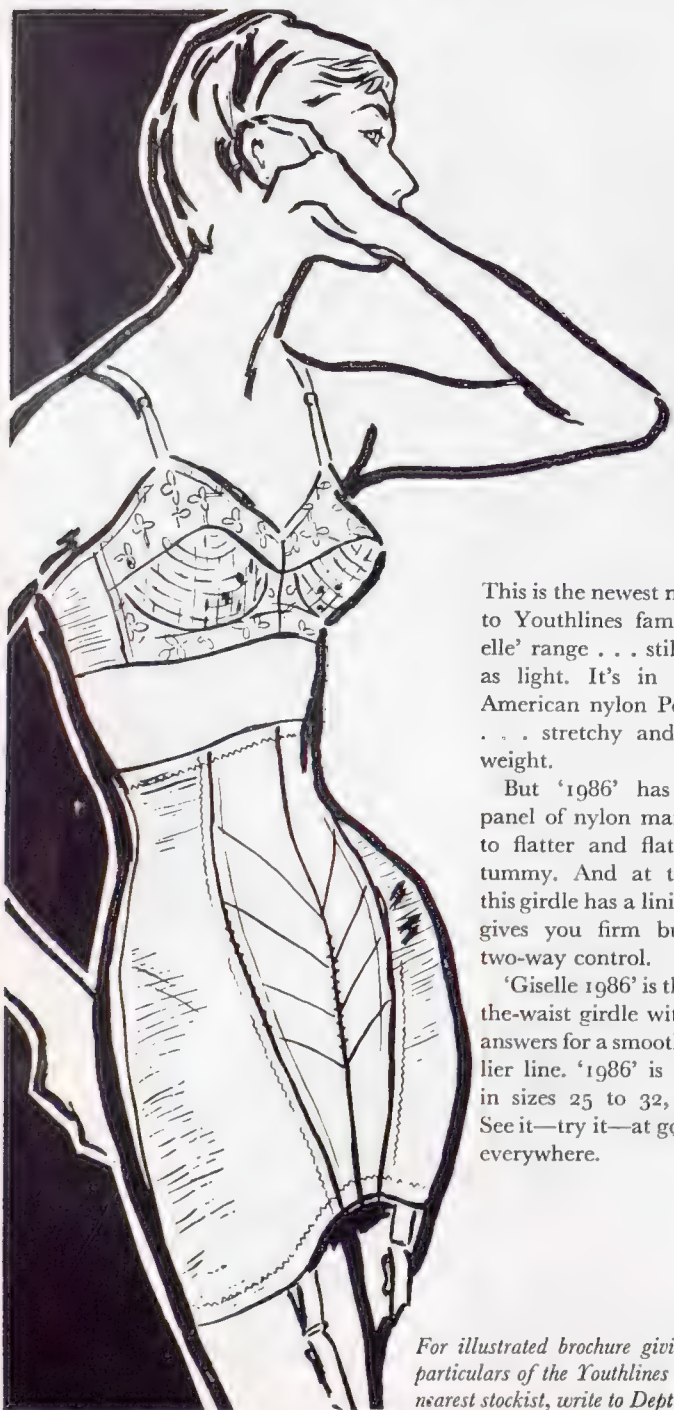
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TBW/Ls12

*It's light... It's strong...
It's right...*

*It's
Youthlines
Giselle 1986*



This is the newest newcomer to Youthlines famous 'Giselle' range . . . still as light as light. It's in imported American nylon Power Net . . . stretchy and feather-weight.

But '1986' has a front panel of nylon marquise, to flatter and flatten your tummy. And at the back, this girdle has a lining which gives you firm but gentle two-way control.

'Giselle 1986' is the above-the-waist girdle with all the answers for a smoother, lovelier line. '1986' is in white, in sizes 25 to 32, at 99/6. See it—try it—at good shops everywhere.

For illustrated brochure giving further particulars of the Youthlines range and nearest stockist, write to Dept. 568.

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Camellia 15 denier 60 gauge

*Go Places in
MARTYN FISHER*

Fully Fashioned Nylon Stockings

obtainable at all leading stores

Winter-weight—

Latest Line

Pyjamas modelled on the lines of an artist's smock — they're something new from Kayser-Bondor.

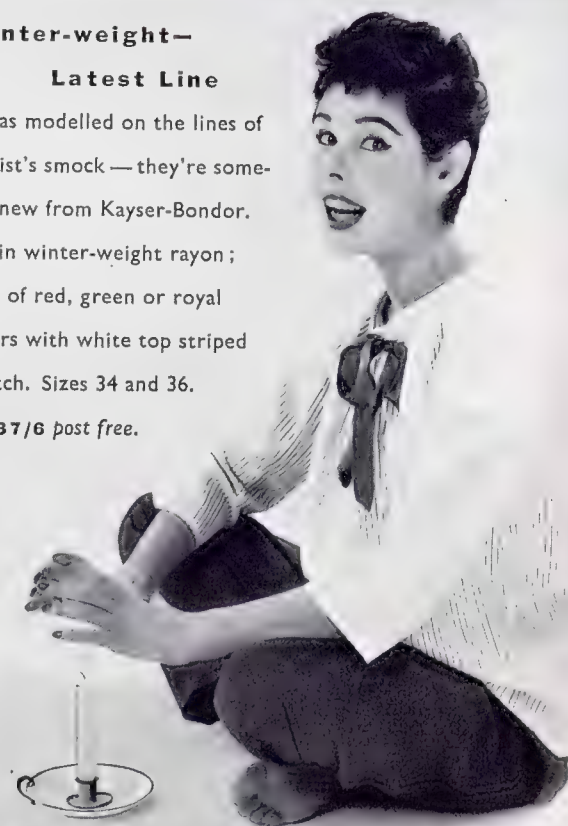
Made in winter-weight rayon;

choice of red, green or royal

trousers with white top striped

to match. Sizes 34 and 36.

Price 37/6 post free.



BOURNE & HOLLINGSWORTH LTD

OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

We're open late Thursdays 10 till 8!



A New Moisture Treatment *makes dry skin radiantly soft*

Wrinkles are the enemy of beauty, for the skin lacking natural oils wrinkles more quickly and even in youth lacks suppleness and 'bloom'. That is why fine, delicate skins, lovely in themselves, need special care to keep them soft, smooth and free from lines

Miss Elizabeth Arden has created a delightful Moisture Treatment for just this problem... Moisture Oil gently firming, deeply penetrating, prepares the skin for Moisture Cream, rich in egg yolks and oils that help to replace the natural moisture the dry skin lacks

Use them together for a quick daytime 'pick-up' to refresh a tired skin. Use them night and morning to restore dewy youthful radiance. A trace of Moisture Cream may be used before make-up to ensure a silky-smooth surface

ARDENA MOISTURE CREAM

ARDENA MOISTURE OIL



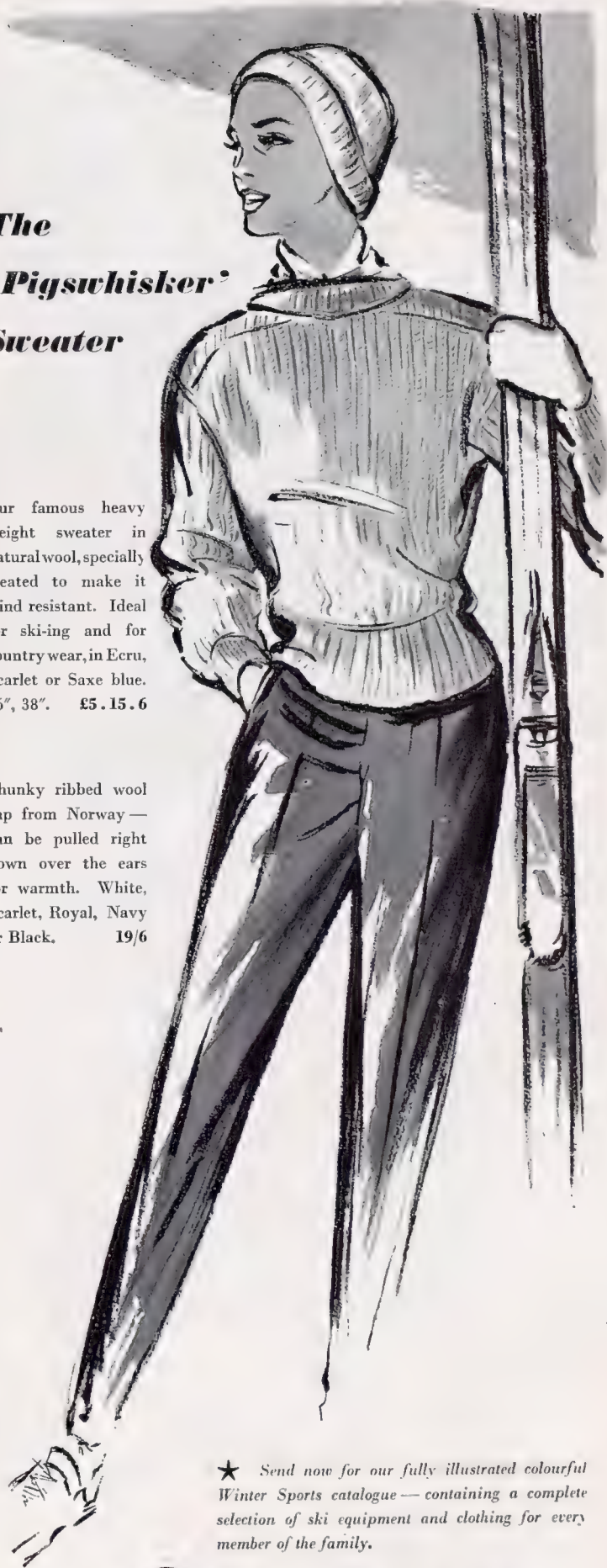
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NEW YORK 25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W.1 PARIS

The 'Pigswisker' Sweater

Our famous heavy weight sweater in natural wool, specially treated to make it wind resistant. Ideal for ski-ing and for country wear, in Ecru, Scarlet or Saxe blue. 36", 38". £5.15.6

Chunky ribbed wool cap from Norway — can be pulled right down over the ears for warmth. White, Scarlet, Royal, Navy or Black. 19/6



★ Send now for our fully illustrated colourful Winter Sports catalogue — containing a complete selection of ski equipment and clothing for every member of the family.

Lillywhites LTD

OF PICCADILLY CIRCUS, S.W.1.

PRINCES ST., EDINBURGH and THE QUADRANT, BOURNEMOUTH



'He and She' fashions

from our Winter Sports Shop

Ski jacket, sweater, trousers and cap... to make identical ensembles. Examples of the many specialized outfits in our Winter Sports Shop where men, women and children can buy up-to-date clothes and equipment for fun and sport in the snow:—

Ski jackets. Proofed poplin with black wool ribbing. (*Foreign*)
For men—in wine, sky, beige; chest sizes 34–36. 11 gns.
For women—in red, white, yellow, sky, pink; sizes 12–16. 9½ gns.

Thick wool sweaters. V-neck style, in black, bound check to match trousers. (*Foreign*) For men—chest sizes 38–40. 14 gns.
For women—bust sizes 34 and 36. 13 gns.

Ski trousers with elasticized heel pieces. Small check design. (*Foreign*)
For men—in royal/black, red/black; waist sizes 32, 34, 36. 16 gns.
For women—royal/black, red/black, white/black; waists 24–28. 12 gns.

Men's Trousers post free. Post and packing 1/6 each on other items

Sheikh-style caps. Proofed poplin in shades to match jackets, with black wool ribbing. (*Foreign*) 35/-

Post and packing 9d. each

Harrods

Ski expert Lotti Smith at Harrods. Again, Lotti Smith—the well-known expert in the Arlberg Technique—is in attendance to help and advise.

Winter Sports Shop, First Floor



They fit you,

They brace you,

They suit you,

They grace you,

these styled-to-please, designed-to-ease

Church's archmoulded shoes

This one is 'Daydream' in silky smooth calf, blue, brown or black. 2" heel, 99/9d.

For address of nearest Agent, write

Church & Co., Ltd., Duke St., Northampton. A selection of most styles is held at Babers, 299 OXFORD ST., London, W.1.; Church-Crawshaw's, Tonbridge and branches; and A. Jones & Sons, all branches.

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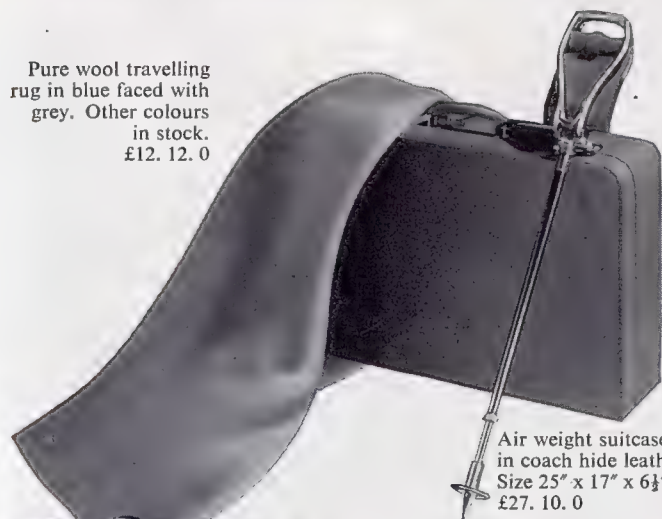
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Pure wool travelling rug in blue faced with grey. Other colours in stock.
£12. 12. 0



Air weight suitcase in coach hide leather.
Size 25" x 17" x 6½"
£27. 10. 0



"Zip" Fastening
14" travelling bag in red leather. Lined moiré.
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Shooting stick with spring loaded shaft for additional comfort.
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Sling case in coach hide leather and accessories for tea or luncheon.
£7. 18. 6



Light-weight dressing case in hide leather with silver mounted "featherweight" unbreakable fittings.
Size 21½" x 14½" x 6".
Weight 8½ lb.
£242. 10. 0

Make-up case in Luxan hide leather with set of plastic bottles and jars. Plastic divided tray.
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WINTER WARMTH . . . in a coat of soft, winter-weight pure lambswool, caressed with a luxurious collar of Natural Beaver. A stroller coat, with button-tabbed pockets and cuffs.

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WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

Write for Christmas Catalogue to:

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GAY THINGS — FOR WINTER FUN

Swiss Ski-Jacket, exclusive to us, in proofed Poplin with attached hood. Single texture but with double shoulder and front-yoke. In peacock, sky, gold, black, emerald, dark green, dark red, royal, beige, mid-blue or almond green. Bust 34, 36, 38, 40 ins. **79/6**

Vorlages in proofed Gabardine, well-tailored, beautifully fitting. In black or navy. Waist 24, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 ins. **£4/19/6**

Also Swiss-made Vorlage, in black, navy, royal or grey. Waist 24, 26, 28, 30 ins. **7 gns**

Proofed Poplin Ski-Cap with ear flaps. In royal, red, black, yellow, green. **18/6**

Swiss Ski-Boots by Bally in black only **8½ gns**

Duffel Coat with the new double-toggle, in hardwearing showerproofed wool lined with rayon tartan. Sizes: small, medium and large. In white or camel **79/6**
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Dashing Shirt with long sleeves in various all-wool authentic tartans. In easy casual fittings. Bust 34, 36, 38 ins. **57/6**

Corduroy tapered-leg Slacks with turn-ups; also ordinary width. In royal, beige, emerald, red, bottle, grey, navy, black, tan. Waist 24, 26, 28, 30 ins. **59/6**

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With Ocelot markings **25/-**

Ski-Mitts. Grenfell waterproof cloth back, hide palm, ribbed wool cuff and fleecy wool mixture lining. Many colours **21/9**
Others from **16/11**

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Sportswear:
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perfect
warmth
with comfort
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charm



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Chilprufe House Coats and Dressing Gowns are made in a wide choice of colours with cleverly embroidered designs.

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MADE PERFECT

Also Children's Underwear, Outerwear, Tailored Coats, Shoes, Toys, and Men's Pure Wool Underwear. Ask your Chilprufe Agent, or write for Illustrated Catalogue.

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FOR LADIES

CHILPRUFE LIMITED LEICESTER

KENETTA...

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A superb example of our individually designed skirts. In durably pleated jersey. Black grey, etc.

£6 10s. od.

matching jumper

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VINCE CASUAL JACKET

A Superb Jacket in heavy pure wool ribbed VELOUR

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GOLDEN CROWN' NYLONS

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Twin 9, 12 & 20 Denier

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He's worth cultivating. Always ready to fit his mood to yours. In the company of ginger ale or soda he offers you the choice of two stimulating and refreshing long drinks.

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THE SECRET OF ROMANTIC HIGHLIGHTS

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Only the British can do it — and for British read Burberrys. Scottish Cashmere Twin Set in classic style: short-sleeved sweater with cardigan buttoned up to the neck. Every elegant woman owns one . . .

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we could not resist these really lovely Tudor watches in gleaming rolled gold cases when they were shown to us at the Rolex offices. So, despite import restrictions, we have succeeded in bringing a few of these models to Regent Street. Each watch carries the well-known Charles Packer guarantee. There are other designs, including elegant watches for men. These watches are available only at Charles Packer, and we invite you to call to see them.



Delightful square model with rolled gold case and black silk cords. £21.0.0

Beautifully wrought bracelet and classically round watch. £25.10.0

Easy to read square model with delicately engraved case. £20.10.0



This tiny watch shows the date magnified by a lens cleverly built into the glass. £24.12.6

Watch and bracelet are combined by the Tudor designers. £25.0.0.

Beautifully fashioned case gives this model a charm of its own. £23.0.0

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ESTABLISHED 1737

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by **Holyrood**

polo-necked sweater and all the favourites in children's woollies, jersey dresses, skirts from Scotland



*achieve this long
lissom, lovely line
with the new*
**Ripple
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*You have never known such a smooth
slenderising comfort. Your favourite
shape is made in this wonder fabric with
'the same stretch as the human skin'...
there's eighteen lovely styles and most
are available in the new 'fluorescent
white', with its beautiful, brilliant lustre.*

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with a sheer nylon front that cunningly conceals
gentle support. Available in two hip developments
9 in. or 12 in. in sizes 24 in. to 36 in.
61/3*

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Natural and

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a few quick flicks of the comb

and your hair tumbles into a soft

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thanks to the skilful cutting

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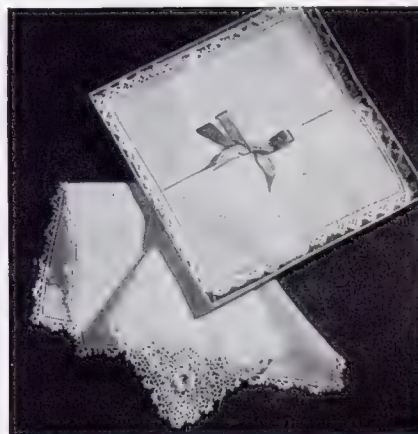
GIFTS by post from JENNERS



"His Excellency" telephone index. A gentle touch on the key shows the initial required immediately and will automatically release the lid at the correct card. **30/-** (Postage and packing 1/3)

Our ever-popular beaver trimmed cap which clips on to your head and just can't blow off! Black, brown, gold, stone, cherry, ice blue, all with brown beaver lamb trimming. **25/6**

(Postage and packing 1/-)



Two Irish Linen handkerchiefs trimmed with Irish hand-made crochet work. One has a crochet corner. In Jenners Gift Box. **12/6** (Postage and packing 6d.)

The new 'high round' longline strapless bra by Flexees. With under cup wire, nylon lace and marquissette back of finest American nylon leno lastique. 34 to 42, B cup even sizes only in white or black. **59/6**

A narrower edition, 32 to 36. **49/9**

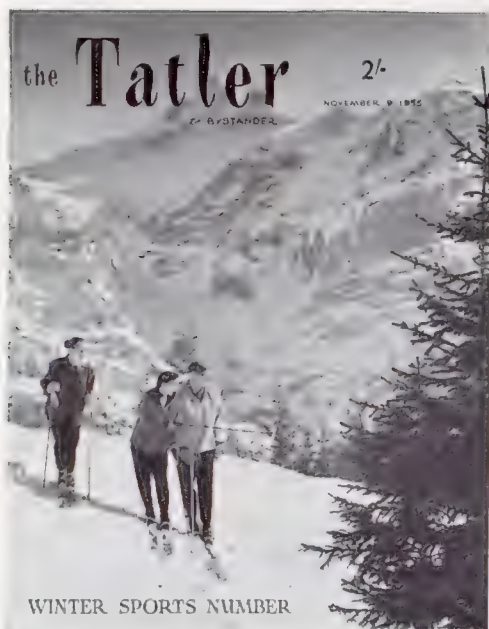
and a deeper edition, 32 to 40. **105/-**

(Postage and packing 9d.)



★ A beautifully illustrated 56-page catalogue containing nearly 500 gift ideas will be sent to you on request.

JENNERS
PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH
LIMITED



Swiss National Tourist Office
SKIERS AT GRINDELWALD on their way down the popular First Run. In the background is the Schreckhorn, one of the range of magnificent peaks in the Bernese Oberland, the finest of which is the Jungfrau. Grindelwald itself, a most attractive village, has for many years been recognized as one of the finest winter sports centres in the Alps. There are three major runs with descents of four thousand feet reached by way of the Wengern Alp railway, and many others from the Grosse Scheidegg side of the range where this cover photograph was taken

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From November 9 to 16

Nov. 9 (Wed.) The Queen visits the headquarters of the Royal National Institute of the Blind in Great Portland Street.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret visit the annual exhibition and sale of work of war-disabled ex-Servicemen in the showrooms of the Lord Roberts Workshops in Brompton Road.

Prince Philip attends a Grand Night at the Inner Temple.

Lord Mayor's Day in London.

Cheltenham Races (two days).

First Night of *Summertime* at the Apollo Theatre, by Ugo Betti, with Dirk Bogarde, Geraldine McEwan and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies.

Nov. 10 (Thur.) Prince Philip attends the première of *Storm Over The Nile* at the Odeon Theatre, Marble Arch, in aid of the National Playing Fields Association.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will be present at the Regimental At Home of the City of London Yeomanry.

Racing at Manchester (three days).

Nov. 11 (Fri.) Prince Philip attends a service in Portsmouth Cathedral and opens the new Cathedral House.

Princess Marie Louise, as president, attends the "500" ball to be held at Claridge's in aid of the British Rheumatic Association.

The Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt autumn dance at Edgecote.

Racing at Lingfield Park (two days).

Nov. 12 (Sat.) The Cycle and Motor Cycle Show opens at Earls Court (eight days).

Nov. 13 (Sun.) R.A.C. Veteran Car Rally, London to Brighton.

Nov. 14 (Mon.) Seventh birthday of Prince Charles. Prince Philip will attend the Lord's Taverners Ball at Grosvenor House in aid of the National Playing Fields Association.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visits the *Sunday Times* Book Exhibition at the Festival Hall.

The Duchess of Gloucester attends the dress show by M. de Givenchy, and the dinner and dance at the Dorchester Hotel, in aid of Queen Elizabeth's Training College for the Disabled.

Mme. Hägglöf, wife of the Swedish Ambassador, will open the Swedish dress show at 23 Knightsbridge.

Racing at Birmingham (two days).

Nov. 15 (Tues.) The Queen holds an Investiture at Buckingham Palace.

Lady Huggins, Mrs. Daniel Swinden and Mrs. Neil Rutherford give a dance for their daughters at Claridge's.

Nov. 16 (Wed.) Prince Philip attends the première of the film *Cockleshell Heroes* in aid of the Royal Marines Association, at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square.

Princess Margaret attends a cocktail party given by the Young Contingent of the Victoria League. The International Dinner Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.

Princess Marie Louise opens the Bazaar to be held, with the Queen's permission, in the state apartments of St. James's Palace, in aid of the Navy League's Diamond Jubilee.

Racing at Plumpton.

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A Royal Gala Night at Covent Garden

HM. THE QUEEN is seen arriving at Covent Garden with President Craveiro Lopes and the Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden, for the Gala performance of *The Bartered Bride*, held in honour of the President and Mme. Craveiro Lopes's state visit to

this country. The Royal Opera House was splendidly adorned in honour of the occasion, and the representatives of Britain's oldest ally were given a great ovation. The Portuguese colours of scarlet and green were prominent in the decorations throughout the building

Social Journal

Jennifer

The President of Portugal at Buckingham Palace



THE EXHIBITION OF PORTUGUESE ART at Burlington House has given Britain the opportunity of seeing some rare treasures from that country. Above: Miss Bronwyn Pugh admires 16th-century figures in polychrome wood of the Virgin and St. John



Professor Richardson, P.R.A., with Professor Reynaldo dos Santos and Mme. Irene Quilho, chief exhibition organizers



Mr. and Mrs. Gulbenkian with the Indo-Persian carpet lent by the C. S. Gulbenkian Foundation, which is that of Mr. Gulbenkian's late father

THE state visit of the President of the Republic of Portugal and Mme. Craveiro Lopes was the occasion for three of the most glamorous evenings of the little season.

On the night of their arrival there was the State Banquet which the Queen and Prince Philip gave in their honour at Buckingham Palace. About a hundred and fifty guests, who included members of the Royal Family, of the Diplomatic Corps, of both Houses of Parliament, and other important personages dined in the white and gold State Ballroom, at a horseshoe shaped table on which was arranged the wonderful gold plate and exquisite flowers. The Royal servants in attendance were in their blue and gold, or scarlet and gold uniforms, with powdered wigs.

BEFORE the banquet the President had given the Queen the Grand Cross of the three Orders of Christo, Aviz and Santiago, and she wore the brilliant ribbon of this Order, green, crimson and purple, on her gold-embroidered white tulle evening dress. With this she wore a magnificent diamond tiara which used to belong to the late Queen Mary, a diamond necklace and other lovely jewels. Mme. Craveiro Lopes looked very chic in a beautiful heavily embroidered pink dress.

Prince Philip, too, had received from the President, the Grand Cross of the Order of the Tower and Sword. The President also wore for the first time the G.C.B. which the Queen had given him.

The Queen Mother, who had arrived from Clarence House accompanied by Princess Margaret, wore a white satin crinoline heavily embroidered with turquoise beads, with her fleur-de-lis tiara and the Order of the Garter. Princess Margaret was in white. Both she and the Duchess of Kent were wearing the dark blue and red ribbon of the G.C.V.O.

MANY of the ladies present wore white. These included the Marchioness of Salisbury, the handsome Marchioness of Cholmondeley, Mme. Paulo Cunha, wife of the Portuguese Foreign Minister, the lovely young Countess of Westmorland and Mlle. Madalena and Mlle. Clara Theotónio Pereira, daughters of the Portuguese Ambassador. The Countess of Euston looked lovely in a white dress trimmed with black lace, and wore a magnificent tiara.

Lady Eden came with the Prime Minister, who like most of the men was in Court dress and wearing his Order of the Garter. She was in deep pink shot with midnight blue. Lady Hermione Cobbold was in blue, Lady Rose Baring in écu satin, Viscountess Waverley in blue and pink draped chiffon, Lady Tryon in

a striking tartan trimmed dress, and the Countess of Scarbrough in black with a blue fichu.

The vivid red ribbons of the Order of Christo, worn by several members of the Royal Household and one or two others upon whom the President had bestowed this Order since his arrival, added further colour to this brilliant occasion.

Before dinner, guests assembled in one of the reception rooms where they were met by the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, the Lord Steward of the Queen's Household, and Mary Duchess of Devonshire, Mistress of the Queen's Robes, who was in white with her magnificent diamond tiara. When the guests had all taken their places at the banqueting table, the Queen and Prince Philip, the President and Mme. Craveiro Lopes and the Royal party entered in procession, led by the Earl of Scarbrough and the Duke of Hamilton walking backwards, and carrying their staffs of office. At the end of dinner Her Majesty made a charming and sincere speech of welcome to her visitors, to which the President responded. The Royal party left in procession as they had entered. Afterwards the guests joined the Royal party and many were presented to the President and his charming wife.

NEXT evening there was another brilliant occasion when the President and Mme. Craveiro Lopes were hosts to the Queen, Prince Philip, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent for dinner at the fine new Portuguese Embassy in Belgrave Square.

H.E. the Portuguese Ambassador, Senhor Pedro Theotónio Pereira, one of the most respected and able members of the Diplomatic Corps in London, is to be congratulated on creating such a superb Embassy for his country in London. He is a perfectionist in everything he does and has personally supervised the whole construction and decoration of this magnificent official residence until it is now quite outstanding.

Before the war this corner of Belgrave Square was the home of the Bathurst family, but the house was very badly damaged by bombs and during the past two years has had to be entirely rebuilt. Portuguese workmen have carried out all the work, the fine marble staircase, and the beautiful coloured tiles used up one side of the wide staircase and around one of the downstairs reception rooms, having been brought from Portugal, while the ceiling above the stairs was painted by a Portuguese artist. The magnificent carpets were woven specially in carefully chosen colours, and the curtains and covers, too, were made in Portugal. The ceilings are mostly of a typical Portuguese design and the priceless tapestries adorning many of the walls came from that country, too.

In the dining-room are framed panels of painted English landscapes of the seventeenth



Eric Cooper

H.E. Senhor Pedro Theotónio Pereira, the Portuguese Ambassador, shows his daughters, Mlle. Clara and Mlle. Madalena, his much prized silver ship—a sixteenth-century model of the caravels so widely used in the voyages of discovery of the early fifteenth century

century which originally came out of a famous English home. They fit their new surroundings so beautifully that they look as if they have been commissioned for this room.

THE President must have been delighted to find such a perfect setting in which to entertain the Queen and members of the Royal Family to dinner during his stay. The other guests invited to dine, who numbered about fifty, included the Prime Minister and Lady Eden, who wore a cream lace dress with a diamond tiara, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Fisher, the Norwegian Ambassador, doyen of the Diplomatic Corps and Mme. Prebensen, very elegant in red faille, the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. de Souza Leao Gracie, the Portuguese Minister for Foreign Affairs and Mme. Paulo Cunha, the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Earl and Countess of Scarbrough, the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, the Duke of Beaufort, and, of course, the Portuguese Ambassador and his two attractive daughters Mlle. Madalena and Mlle. Clara Theotónio Pereira who were both again in white.

They are charming girls with poise and outstandingly good manners who often act as hostess for their father, as the Ambassador's

wife has for some time been an invalid, and so far has not been well enough to join him here.

After dinner the President and Mme. Craveiro Lopes, who looked charming in a pastel brocade dress, held a reception to which I had the honour of being invited. About a hundred and fifty more guests joined those who had been dining at the Embassy, and gathered in the fine first floor ballroom with its Wedgwood walls, and the adjoining suite of reception rooms where huge vases of exotic sweet-smelling flowers were arranged exquisitely. Members of the Royal Family and the President and his wife slowly moved about the rooms talking to friends until around midnight. The Queen was looking radiant in a dress of pale grey lace embroidered with silver, and a diamond tiara. The Queen Mother was also in grey—one of her favourite crinolines—and magnificent jewels, while Princess Margaret, wearing a very neat tiara, looked exceptionally pretty in orchid mauve satin.

The Duchess of Kent, who wore her superb sapphire and diamond tiara, necklace and earrings with a cleverly draped gold dress, was having a long conversation with Mr. "Chips" Channon.

It was a brilliant scene, with many of the men in uniform or Court dress and all wearing

their Orders and decorations, while the women had lovely dresses and exquisite jewels. Among these were the Countess of Westmorland's green tulle crinoline and her fine tiara. Mrs. Selwyn Lloyd, who was talking to Viscount and Viscountess Waverley, looked charming in white with a diamond tiara, and Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, accompanied by the President of the Board of Trade, wore a dress of emerald green faille.

AMONG the guests enjoying this wonderful party were the Duke of Buccleuch talking to the Hon. Mrs. Neville Berry, the Marquess of Reading, just returned from his brief official visit to the Far East, the Marchioness of Reading, and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Nutting who had only the day before come back from New York, where he had been attending the United Nations meeting. The Spanish Ambassador, Sir David and Lady Eccles, Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones, Lord and Lady Mancroft, the Duchess of Argyll, Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley and her son-in-law and daughter the Hon. Harry and Mrs. Cubitt, the latter wearing a beautiful white lace dress with rubies and diamonds, were all present; also

[Continued overleaf]

Continuing The Social Journal

Green velvet and
scarlet plumes

Mr. and Mrs. Attlee, the Dowager Duchess of Northumberland and the Earl of Westmorland.

I saw, too, Lord Plunket, who was in waiting on the Queen, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Mark Milbank, Lady Elles who has made her home in Lisbon since 1947 and was meeting many friends, the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, Viscount and Viscountess Davidson who were off at the end of the week to Lisbon for the weekend, the Hon. Max Aitken and his pretty wife who was in blue, Sir John and Lady Dashwood, the latter in yellow, the Earl of Airlie, Doreen Lady Brabourne, Sir Terence and Lady Nugent, the Earl of Selkirk and Sir Ivone and Lady Kirkpatrick.

ON the following night there was the gala performance of *The Bartered Bride* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, where the colour scheme of the special décor was scarlet and green, the Portuguese national colours. The Royal Box, in the centre of the Royal Circle, was draped with green velvet and scarlet plumes against a white background, and giant white ferns were spaced right round the front of the circle, all designed by Mr. Dennis Lennon.

Yeomen of the Guard in their picturesque uniforms stood at strategic points around the theatre, and State Trumpeters of the Royal Horse Guards played a fanfare from the stage as the Royal party entered the box. On arrival at the theatre the Queen, Prince Philip and the President and Mme. Craveiro Lopes were met by the Prime Minister and Lady Eden on behalf of the Government. Viscount Waverley, chairman of the Royal Opera House, and Mr. David Webster, the general administrator, were then presented.

IN the Royal Box, the Queen, looking serenely beautiful, and wearing a massive diamond tiara and her new Portuguese Order across her evening dress, had the President on her right and his wife on her left, next to Prince Philip. The Queen Mother was on the President's right and Princess Margaret on Prince Philip's left. Also in the Royal Box were the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra, Lady



MISS ALISON RUTHERFORD is a 1955 ^{Fayer} débutante who was presented to the Queen at Holyroodhouse. She is sharing a dance at Claridge's with Miss Ruth Huggins and Miss Sally Probert-Jones on November 15

Patricia Ramsay and Admiral Sir Alexander Ramsay, Sir Anthony and Lady Eden, Professor and Madame Paulo Cunha, Princess Marie Louise and the Earl and Countess of Harewood, with the ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting.

Members of the Diplomatic Corps headed by the Norwegian Ambassador and Mme. Prebensen, who was wearing a large grey fox cape over her evening dress, included the Saudi Arabian Ambassador in his national dress and Mme. Hafiz Wahba, and the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Hägglöf, the latter in a voluminous old rose satin evening coat. They sat on the left of the Royal Box in the circle. On the right were the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Fisher, and representatives of both Houses of Parliament with their wives and members of the Queen's Household and their wives. It was a glittering audience and once again many lovely dresses and jewels were worn for the occasion.

"THE BARTERED BRIDE" by Smetana is tuneful and gay and it was a good production, conducted by Rafael Kubelik. Many of those I have already mentioned as attending the two previous evenings' occasions were in the audience, also the Home Secretary

and Mrs. Lloyd-George, who wore a high sunray diamond tiara, Lady Willoughby de Broke who was with Viscount and Viscountess Waverley in their box and looked quite lovely wearing a magnificent tiara with a white and silver dress and a gorgeous white fox stole. Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, the latter in grey with a fine tiara, were in an adjacent box.

I also saw Lord McGowan, Sir Malcolm Sargent who was in the third row of the stalls, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tritton, Viscount and Viscountess Woolton, Mr. Duncan Sandys, Mrs. Tony Rigg and her mother Mrs. Mitchell who were returning to their homes in New York and Palm Beach a few days later, the Hon. William and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. James Frere, and Mrs. Cazalet Keir accompanied by Mrs. Moresby and Major Norman Frazer, who until recently was our Military Attaché in Lisbon.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the biggest ovations heard in a theatre for a long time greeted Irene Worth, after the fall of the curtain on *The Queen And The Rebels*, at the Haymarket. She had given a magnificent performance in this exciting drama by Ugo Betti. In the stalls were the Italian Ambassador who had come to see this play by Italy's most celebrated modern dramatist, who died a few years ago and whose works are now achieving great popularity in this country. The Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Hägglöf sat in the stalls.

Others enjoying the play were Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark, Rose Marchioness of Headfort, Irene Scharrer, Basil Dean, Sir Michael and Lady Balcon, Lord Gifford, Ruth Gordon and Yvonne Mitchell. Mr. Henry Sherek, who is presenting *The Queen And The Rebels*, sat in a box with his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Sherek, and Mr. T. S. Eliot. It was in Mr. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*, also presented by Mr. Sherek, that Irene Worth made her first important success, first at the Edinburgh Festival, then in New York and finally in London.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to a most interesting exhibition at the Redfern Gallery in Cork Street to see "Romantic Landscapes and Drawings" by the brilliant young artist James Bailey. These are all done with a pen and the result is most attractive. I noticed, too, how originally the pictures had been framed and glazed, with a velvet mount toning with the colouring of the picture, in a box frame. On private view day it was hard to see these enchanting works, so



Miss Margaret Train receives a raffle prize from the Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry, ball vice-president



Miss Ann-Charlotte von Hofsten dancing a Viennese waltz with Mr. Christopher Barker



Count and Countess Skarbek watching the square dancing demonstration by an American team

full were the galleries, and nine paintings were sold even before the opening.

The artist's charming mother, Lady Janet Bailey, was greeting an old friend Countess Wavell, and his sister Lady Rumbold was showing the Earl of Granard designs for *Summertime*, Ugo Betti's new play which opened at the Apollo on November 9. His cousins the Earl of Inchcape and Lady Rosemary Mackay came along, also Prince and Princess Yurka Galitzine, the Hon. William Buchan having a literary conversation with Miss Rose Macaulay, Lady Edward Bonham-Carter and Vivien Leigh, who had a day off from Stratford-on-Avon, and bought one of the pictures. Lady Tryon was admiring the picture James Bailey had done of her Wiltshire home. Lord Kinross, Anne Todd, Mr. Peter Coats, Mrs. Guy Wyndham, Mrs. Emyln Williams and Mr. Osbert Lancaster with his attractive daughter Cara were others admiring these pictures.

★ ★ ★

MANy people are already thinking about planning their winter sports holiday, and they may be interested to hear that at a recent cocktail party I met several members of a delegation which had come over for a brief visit from the Bernese Oberland. These included Mr. G. A. Michel from Interlaken, and Mr. Fritz Borter, junior, from Wengen, who told me they had enjoyed a good summer and were now busy making preparations for the comfort of winter sports enthusiasts who usually begin to arrive around Christmas. Here they really can enjoy some of the best skiing in Europe, under very comfortable conditions with all the new ski lifts and funiculars.

Mr. A. E. Saulter was at the party from near-by Murren, another centre popular with young skiers during the Christmas holidays, as is Grindelwald, which was represented by Mr. H. von Bidder. As at many Swiss gatherings there was an accordionist playing lilting tunes in a corner of the room, and Mr. W. Mathyer, very gay in his national costume, gave a splendid exhibition of yodelling.

★ ★ ★

MR. EDWARD BEHN and his lovely wife gave a small party at the charming house they have taken in Hyde Park Street, after the christening of their infant daughter. The baby, who was christened Anna Sabrina Joakina Margaret Ingrid Dominique Athenea by Dom Dominique de Grunne had only two god-parents.

[Continued overleaf]



THE BARBECUE BALL offered guests the fascinating spectacle of suppers cooked on infra-red grills, and there was also a magnificent tombola, at which (above) Mrs. Ian Robin, Mr. Gordon Maynard, Miss Margaret West and Mr. Ian Robin, vice-chairman of the National Institute for the Deaf, were making the draw

Miss Caroline Whittington-Moe was having a conversation with Mr. Bernard Bruce



Miss Elizabeth Rhys, wearing over her dress a nylon shirt she won, with Mr. Richard Tatham



At the vice-president's table were Mrs. Michael Ward Thomas (Evelyn Anthony the novelist) and Mr. Ward Thomas



Miss Caroline Gilliat, Mr. Graham Summer, Miss Joanna Gilliat and Mr. Peter Ward-Jackson. This was the first ball ever to be held in aid of the National Institute for the Deaf

Van Hallan

Continuing The Social Journal

Ambassadors at a christening party

They were Mme. Hägglöf, wife of the Swedish Ambassador, who like the baby's mother is an Italian by birth, and Erbprinz von und zu Fürstenberg.

Both sponsors were present, and others I met during the brief time I was at this little celebration were the Swedish Ambassador, who was going straight on to listen to what promised to be a very interesting debate, and the German Ambassador and his charming wife, Frau von Herwarth. Others I saw who had come to drink the baby's health included Viscount and Viscountess Duncannon, Mr. Peter Tunnard, Prince Weicherheim, Mrs. Victor Cavendish Bentinck and the Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer, very pretty in a little cap trimmed with red currants. She had just come on from the very big reception which Field-Marshal Sir John and Lady Harding had given at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, to mark Sir John's retirement from the Army Council. Everyone will wish the Field-Marshal and Lady Harding the best of luck in their new home in Cyprus, where Sir John has been appointed Governor and C-in-C. Here he will have a very big task which will need all his tact, firmness and quick intelligence.

★ ★ ★

THE same evening I went to a reception given by the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. de Souza-Leao Gracie at the Brazilian Embassy. This was in honour of Capt. L. T. Martini and officers of the Brazilian training ship Duque de Caxias, which was at Portsmouth for a short stay before going on to Copenhagen and Holland. Capt. Martini stood with his host receiving the guests, and Mme. Gracie, looking very chic in a dress of embossed black velvet, was circulating round greeting their visitors. I met her talking to the Peruvian Ambassador, whose lovely wife was also at the party, wearing a little brown hat with a very light beige dress.

Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, and Sir William Mabane were talking to friends in the big drawing-room where vases of white chrysanthemums were charmingly arranged. Miss Betty Gracie was there to help her parents with the many young officers and other youthful friends they had invited, and she was assisted by the Ambassador's niece, Miss Vera Hime.

Two other attractive young Brazilian girls I met were Miss Marie-Liú Camargo Coelho and Miss Charm Quick, whose parents live in Brazil and come over here for visits. Miss Quick, who is exceptionally gay and vivacious, is also very keen to learn all she can about London. At present she is studying advertising, and sometimes in her spare time in the evenings she helps in an *espresso* coffee shop. One day she sold papers on a street stand, and she told me she has even taken a job as a daily help. So she certainly has seen some amusing facets of London life.

★ ★ ★

BESIDE the President's visit, another event connected with Portugal is the recently opened Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy of Arts at Burlington House. This is a magnificent exhibition of Portuguese Art, from 800 to 1800, which must be unique as never before has it been possible for such varied arts, either of Portugal or perhaps of any other country, to be assembled on so rich a scale. The Portuguese Ambassador has given invaluable help in negotiations concerning the exhibition, and the planning and arranging have been the work of Professor Reynaldo dos Santos, with the expert assistance of Mme. Irene Quilho.

This is an exhibition which everyone, even those who can only spare a few days in London, should try to see. Here are not only beautiful pictures and murals, but exquisite tapestries and silver—in fact every kind of work of art.

On the morning of the private view I met the Earl of Lisburne going round the galleries with his eldest daughter, Lady Gloria Flower. Lady Ebbisham was there, also Admiral the Hon. Sir Cyril and Lady Douglas-Pennant, Lady Alexandra Metcalf, very chic in royal blue, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, the Hon. Lady Norman and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Antony Norman, and Mrs. Leo d'Erlander.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Goodman were admiring some of the tapestries, as were Lt.-Gen. and Mrs. Brocas Burrows, Mrs. Edward Slesinger with Mrs. J. Le C. Fowle, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Norton, Lady Cohen and Mrs. Eveleigh Nash.

★ ★ ★

A VISIT to Horrockses collection of fashions, winter or summer, is now just as important to most smart women as attending the collection of a great couture house. At the recent display of next year's summer dresses, which is better than ever, I saw Lady Pamela Berry sitting next to Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, wife of the President of the Board of Trade, who is always one of the best dressed women at any function. The Duchess of Sutherland, who was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Sydney Emmanuel, was looking at beach clothes and the coolest cotton dresses, no doubt with an eye to what would be most useful in Jamaica. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have a house out there which they will be visiting early in the New Year.

Mrs. Everard Gates, who is also off to their home at Roundhill, Jamaica, in January, was another in the audience. Lady Ashton was there, also the Hon. Mrs. Edmonstone and her daughter Antonia, who came out this year, Mrs. Anthony Quayle and her mother Dorothy Dickson, Mrs. McGrath and Mrs. "Mossy" Preston.

★ ★ ★

THE United Nations Ball, which is always attended by many members of the Diplomatic Corps, is to take place at the Dorchester Hotel on November 16. Princess Marie Louise is president with Lady Grantchester chairman, and the Hon. Sonia Birdwood chairman of the junior committee. Tickets may be obtained from Miss Nancy Scott, 25 Charles Street, W.1.

In The TATLER of October 12, the caption of a wedding portrait of Prince Alfonso zu Hohenlohe-Langenberg and Princess Ira Fuerstenberg referred to the bridegroom's father as "the late Prince Max zu Hohenlohe-Langenberg." This was incorrect, and Prince Max was, in fact, at the wedding. We regret any annoyance which may have been caused by the mis-statement.



A. V. Swaabe

The Duchess of Norfolk's "At Home" to meet M. Hubert de Givenchy

M. de Givenchy, who is to present a dress show at a charity dance on November 14, with Lady Ashton and Lady George Scot'

Mr. Charles Creed, the couturier, was talking to Mrs. Lionel Lebof. The At Home was held at Admiralty House

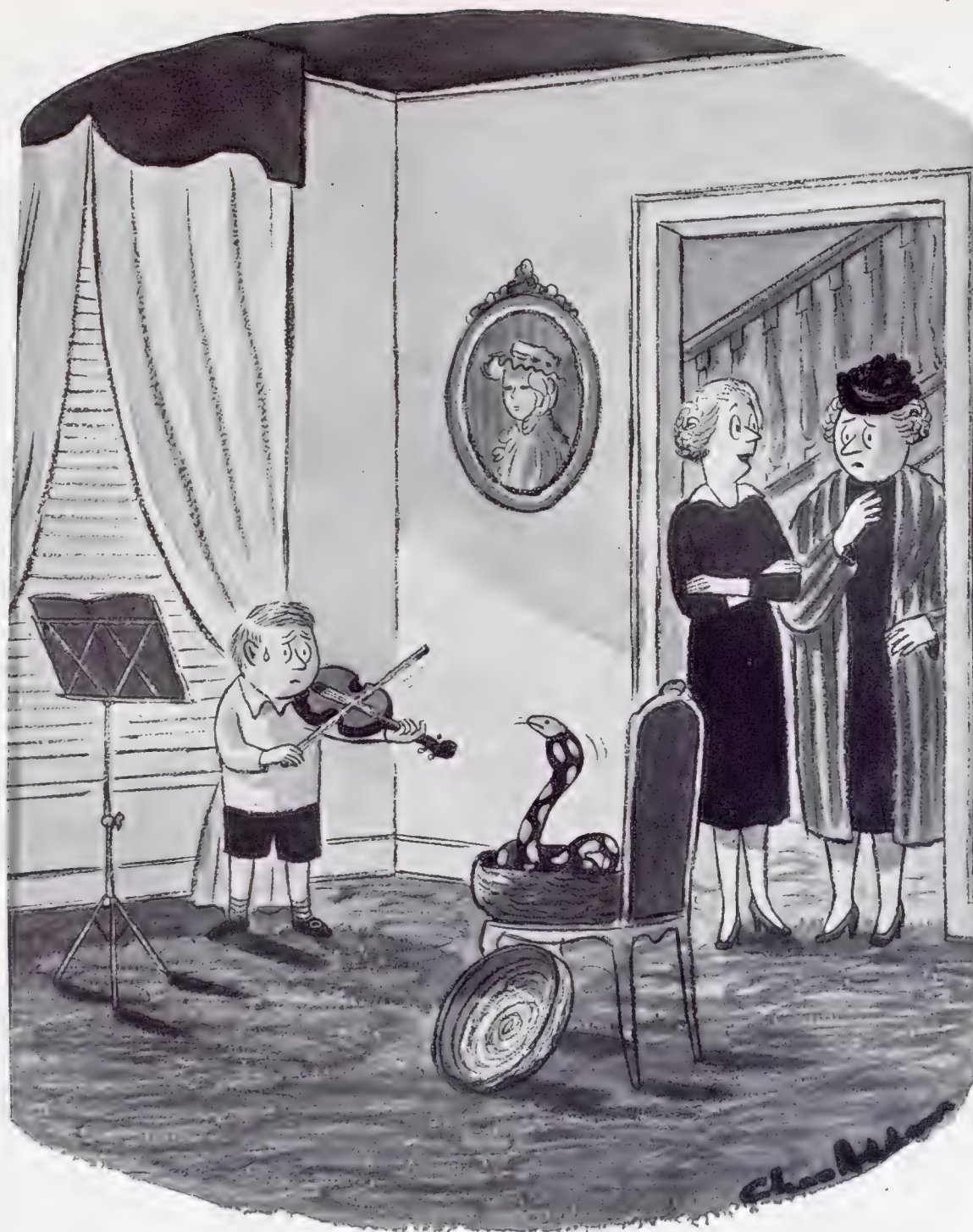
The Duchess of Norfolk (centre) with the Hon. Richard Wood, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. William McGowan, M.B.E.



Eric Coop

No qualms about winter

WHATEVER her elders may feel about the approach of the season of ice and snow, Jill de Pret Roose has for it a warmly welcoming smile, behind which the thought of Christmas may not be far away. Jill, who is five and a half years old, is the daughter of Mr. John de Pret Roose and of Mrs. John Lawson, and was staying with her grandmother, Mrs. Jack Thursby, the racehorse owner, when this picture was taken



"It does give him a certain incentive"

Roundabout

Paul Holt

JOHN BAKER WHITE had an interesting war.

He was, it is true, for most of the time a Whitehall warrior, but his job was worth ten of that of the footslogger's. His job was to make the German intelligence services believe the lies he told them.

He tells his story in *The Big Lie* (Evans Bros., 15s.) and there is no doubt he and his colleagues had some redoubtable successes.

He makes it perfectly clear that the task of counter-espionage is not to prevent the enemy agent from getting information but to give it to him. To feed him with tit-bits until his bosses in Berlin become so confi-

dent of his ability that they trust him. And then to slip him one great big whopping lie.

It must have been a fascinating game of character judging, and also of timing.

WHITE claims the credit for his department of having so disrupted relations between Admiral Canaris's spy service and Himmler's security boys that in the end we had them both making up lies to discredit the other and poor Hitler was so confused he had to get along by intuition alone, without a fact to back his fancy.

White's Whitehall boys certainly got up

to some macabre tricks. They would take burned bodies from crashed Nazi bombers, dress them in scorched infantry uniforms and float them ashore on the coast of France to persuade the enemy that these were German Kommandos who had been met by a wall of flame on trying to land on a British beach.

HE also tells again the story of "Major Martin," a body washed ashore at Huelva in Spain with a dispatch case in which was a letter from the War Office suggesting that the planned invasion from North Africa would not strike Sicily, but the Eastern Mediterranean.

Perhaps the most successful deception came just before D-Day when Captain Meyrick James, of the Royal Army Pay Corps, was dressed in field-marshal's uniform and flown from Northolt to Gibraltar and then to Algiers to persuade the Germans that an attack was coming from the south. This held seven German divisions on the Riviera at the vital time of the assault on Normandy. And Rundstedt, questioned after the war, admitted that he knew it was a trick, but he never guessed it wasn't Montgomery who made the journey.

I KNOW the aftermath of that deception. Poor Captain James, who had been groomed in every detail to look like the British commander, stood the ordeal very well. But, the journey over, he was taken by his "escorts" to a villa above the town and there left alone. It suddenly came into the head of this modest officer that it was the plan to assassinate him, since his job was done and the chance of him leaving the villa and wandering down into the town too great.

He urgently needed the help of company and made his way to the kitchen. There was a corporal. They stared at each other and Captain James cried "Jimmy!" The cook was an actor who had appeared with him in repertory in days before the war. They fell upon a bottle of whisky together and the crisis was over.

It is a pity that Montgomery's idea was not adopted by the War Office. His argument was that since Captain James had been a field-marshal for a day he should receive a field-marshal's pension.

I once told this story in Hollywood to Charlie Chaplin, who wanted to make it into a film. But there, ideas for films are thistledown blown by the wind. You never know where they will settle.

★ ★ ★

RECENTLY I met a Soviet Russian woman named Tatiana Svetlova, just back from Frankfurt, where she had been talking to refugees from Russia. She herself, marrying an Englishman, managed to escape ten years ago.

She found the refugees amazed by one item that keeps appearing in the Soviet press, particularly in the cultural papers, although it has been mentioned in the Government daily *Izvestia*.

Schoolchildren, disliking their teacher, locked the class-room door on him. The headmaster, who had his own key, demanded the name of the ringleader, but the children would not say.

Now, is it right not to sneak? The Russians are thrashing the subject out thoroughly, to find out whether loyalty belongs to your colleagues, or to authority.

Now this is an amazing about-face in Soviet thinking. For there stands in Moscow a statue to a small boy named Pavlik Morosov. He sneaked on his mother and father, who had been hoarding grain. They were shot; he was made a hero.

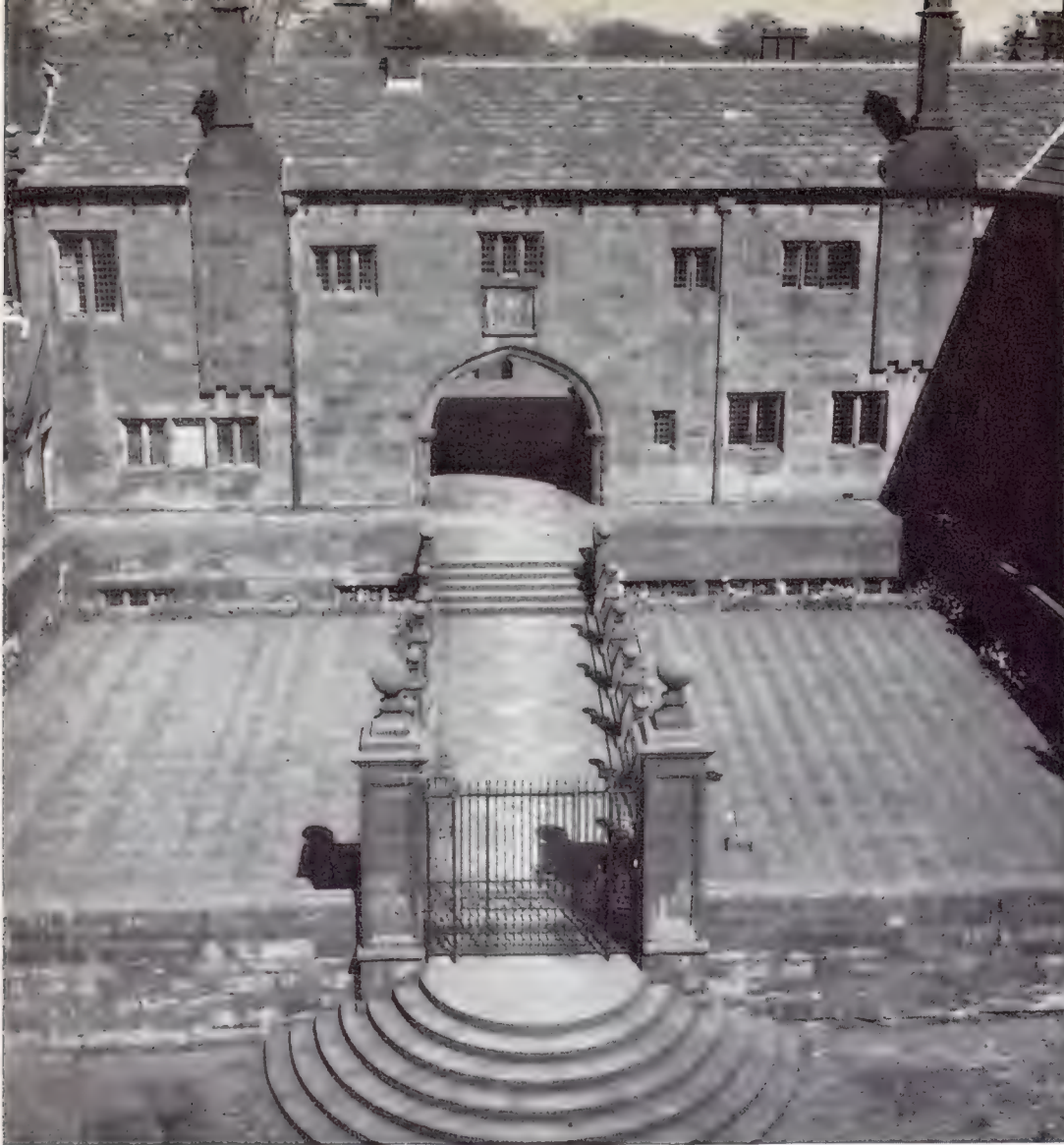
I should think they will be taking the statue of that small boy down quite soon.



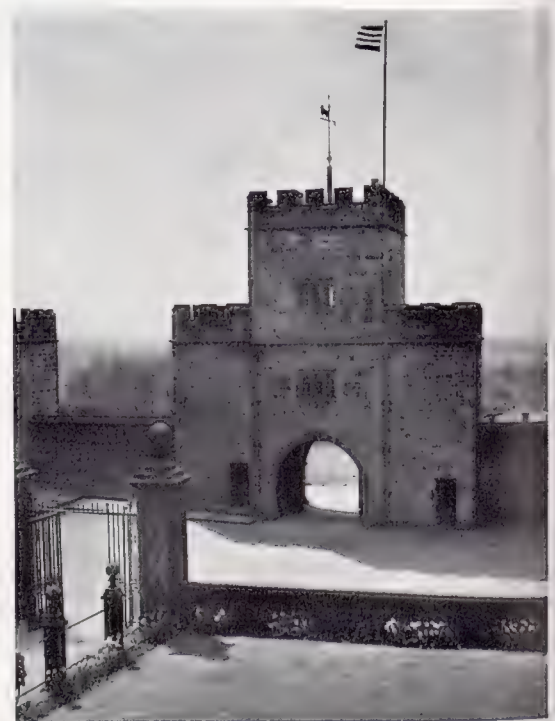
LORD BRABAZON OF TARA, that great and well-loved personality in the world of sport, aviation and countless other fields, is never more vividly called to mind than in the sphere of winter sports, where he is one of the most famous figures. At a resilient seventy-one years he is still a formidable rider of the Cresta Run and remains a member of the committee of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club of which he was such a popular president. The older generation will remember him as a pioneer motorist and aviator and the Englishman who holds the No. 1 certificate issued by the Royal Aero Club for pilots. He was Minister of Transport and later of Aircraft Production during the war, and has extensive business interests, being chairman of several companies

AN HISTORIC HOME IN LANCASHIRE

THE Hoghton estate has been in the de Hoghton family since the time of King Stephen. It was here that James I was entertained by the first baronet, Sir Richard Hoghton. His successor, Sir Gilbert, a noted Royalist leader, was Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I. In 1565 Thomas Hoghton considerably enlarged the building, giving it two courtyards and battlemented walls. In 1710 the family left the house and it was not lived in again by them until the end of the nineteenth century, when Sir Henry de Hoghton and his son restored it. Sir Cuthbert de Hoghton, the present and 12th baronet, served in the Coldstream Guards and the Royal Naval Air Service during World War One. He has three sons—two by his marriage to Helen, daughter of the late Major Duncan Macdonald of Glencoe, who died in 1943



Above: The forecourt at Hoghton Tower seen from the top of the ancient gatehouse. The archway leads into the central courtyard. Below: The house from the garden side



A view of the gatehouse and outer courtyard added by Thomas Hoghton in the mid-1560s



*Above: Lady de Hoghton in the Great Hall. She was formerly Miss Philomena Simmons, of Walton le Dale, Lancashire.
Below: The stately yew walk in the grounds*



*Above: Sir Cuthbert de Hoghton, Bt., who is a J.P. for the county. The de Hoghton baronetcy is second in point of precedence.
Below: The magnificent central courtyard*





Betty Swaebe

SEÑORITA GIOCONDA DE GALLARDO Y CASTRO is engaged to Mr. Bluey Mavroleon, of Belgrave Square, S.W.1, elder son of Mr. Basil Mavroleon. Her father is Señor Licenciado Juan de Gallardo Moreno, the Mexican banker, and her mother is now Mrs. Harry Bentley, wife of the golfer. The Señorita speaks four languages fluently, is a talented painter and has a general appreciation of the arts. She and her fiancé share a deep interest in ancient Indian civilizations, and plan to be married in Mexico

Priscilla in Paris

THE BELOVED REBEL

How courteously did the authorities word their warning: "You are requested to remove your car from this space before 8.30 a.m. on October 19 as a ceremony is then taking place at the *Institut* of France. We thank you."

This was the message that owner-drivers, who had parked in the precincts of the building where the Immortals hold their assizes, found under their windscreen-wipers during the days that preceded Jean Cocteau's enthronization at the Académie Française.

More than two thousand requests for seats had been made, of which barely a third could be granted. Two queens and many of the greatest names in the arts were included among that brilliant third. There must be no gate-crashing! There was none, and I have rarely seen such smiling guests.

EVERYONE is fond of Jean Cocteau, the one-man orchestra of modern French literature! There is no doubt that some of the oldest graybeards and bald heads of the areopagus are a little shocked at his admission,

although they are not quite sure why!

Other members of the Assembly, at the time of their election, were much younger than he is—in years at all events—others have made their name in works that are just as light, others again have had more tempestuous lives, but no one ever has been so delightfully disrespectful of the proprieties, so entertainingly brilliant, so *enfant terrible* as the dramatist, the novelist, the artist, the pastelist, the decorator, the cineast, the film actor and, above all, the poet: Jean Cocteau.

I CANNOT imagine that he has any enemies. Critics, yes; but tolerant, amused, indulgent and, very certainly, somewhat envious. There can only have been friends amongst the prestigious gathering that—with but two exceptions—was parked on the most uncomfortable benches that ever tasteless, ascetic upholsterer devised. The exceptions, who were allowed armchairs that were *almost* comfortable, were their Majesties Queen Elisabeth of Belgium and her daughter ex-Queen Marie-José of Italy. The Academicians themselves are not so sternly treated as the less important of

their worshippers in the body of the kirk, but even so their *fauteuils* belong to the age of those blackboards which induced ramrod deportment.

Of course the *Institut* is not the *Folies Bergère*.

If friendship surges warmly to Jean Cocteau, he returns it generously. In the midst of the crowd, pressed by it on all sides and yet seeming strangely solitary, a man was seated. He wore a light raincoat that seemed out of place in that elegant assembly. He was Jean Genet, the poet and dramatist, whose interesting but terrible play, *Les Bonnes*, was produced by the late great actor-manager Louis Jouvet some years ago. Jean Genet's work has been called "decadent in character" and "morbid in excess." The same words have been used for Baudelaire and Verlaine who live with Rimbaud and Swinburne on our bookshelves and when, in his speech, Cocteau suggested that the Académie Française should give sanctuary to the *poètes maudits*, we felt proud of him for his fidelity in friendship.

The applause was endless and exhilarating to hear. How nice Jean Cocteau looked in his academic attire: slim and debonair in the green embroidered dress uniform that fitted him so neatly. It had been made by one of the great Parisian *couturières* and since Jean, the Harlequin, is aware of all the niceties of dress and the value of a svelte silhouette, he had asked her to close the coat with a zip!

THERE are crowds and crowds. Some are unpleasant. The young people who, for the second time this year did their best to wreck the Olympia music-hall, belong to that kind. A few months ago these youngsters were, it seems, simply expressing their enthusiasm for Gilbert Becaud. Their stamping applause snapped seat springs, shook down frames and broke dozens of electric light bulbs. Sheer light-hearted play . . . as "play" is understood by some people nowadays.

This week Sydney Bechet, a coloured trumpeter and band leader, gave a free performance to celebrate the issue of his millionth gramophone record. Normally the Olympia can house 1,837 spectators. That evening five thousand hot-jazz fans crashed the doors . . . and smashed them. In the auditorium, well-pressed down and brimming over, the lads and lassies sat on each other's knees. Not an inch of space remained anywhere. The attendants and programme girls were jammed tight where they stood.

In the long, wide entrance hall, packed from wall to wall and end to end, the crowd still surged and fought to get in. The reinforcements of police that were called up could do little but clear the pavements outside . . . more or less! Passers-by were hurt. Plate-glass windows were smashed. Inside the theatre the crowd stamped and howled in time with the coloured musicians who certainly did their stuff to perfection.

AFTER the interval the wrecking of the place started. Upholstery was slashed, seats were torn up. Every mirror was smashed and photograph frames broken up. . . . At midnight ten people were carted off to the hospital and dozens to the police station.

Incredibly delighted with themselves, hundreds limped home. The management assessed the damage at quite a sum, but smiled benignly and shrugged its shoulders . . . "Youth will be served . . ." it said.

A strange interpretation of Shakespeare's sentiment.

Spécialité—glace fragile

● M. André Maurois, in his response to M. Jean Cocteau's speech: "The poet is master of the art of knowing how far he can go too far!"



Armstrong Jones

Studying for the stage

THE Hon. Elizabeth Rees-Williams is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Omore. Her father, who was created a baron in 1950, has held among other high Government posts that of Minister of Civil Aviation. Miss Rees-Williams, who intends to make the stage her career, is in her first term at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art



Swiss National Tourist Office

*A couple go sleighing
in the Swiss manner*

THIS photograph, taken above Suvretta House, at St. Moritz, with the Piz de Staz opposite, shows part of an old custom which survives in the cantons today. The youths of one village invite the girls of another to an outing in horse-drawn sleighs, called a *Schlitteda*. A procession of twenty or thirty such sleighs is formed, the drivers and their guests wearing traditional costume, and there follows the drive and an afternoon's festivity, dancing and banqueting. Then the girls are driven home to their own village

THE SKIER'S GRAND TOUR

SHEENA HILLEARY, formerly Sheena Mackintosh, one of Britain's finest woman skiers, who has represented her country in international events, writes here of the unexampled opportunities the winter sports pilgrim finds in Europe to-day

AT this time of year one of the chief questions being asked in the glittering capitals and other cosmopolitan resorts of Europe is "Where shall we go for a ski-ing holiday?" It is not an ideal question, for winter centres vary considerably between those that are suitable for every type of skier, from beginners upwards, and those suitable for either average, expert, or novice, but not all three.

In Switzerland you can usually ski from November until June if you choose your site carefully. So take both the date of your holiday and your proficiency into consideration when deciding where you want to go.

ST. MORITZ, which answers every prayer for luxury, beauty, sun, mountains and good ski-ing, has the added attractions of the Cresta and bob-sleigh runs, and perfect skating-rinks, all through the winter months. You will find both skier and non-skier at St. Moritz enjoying its gaieties, some dancing every night until dawn, some ski-ing until dusk and others combining the two.

DAVOS AND KLOSTERS can offer the world-famous Parsenn, where you can do a different run every day for a fortnight, and still not exhaust your choice. Some of the runs are among the longest in the world—twelve, thirteen and fourteen miles of downhill ski-ing. The nursery slopes are good, and there is a wide choice of runs for beginners.

Besides being one of the world's top ski-ing areas, the Parsenn lies in what is called a "snow belt," so if it snows anywhere, it will snow there!

ZERMATT retains its charm and character despite the many visitors who throng the quaint old village, in summer to climb and in winter to ski. The Matterhorn, that jewel of mountains, stands above the village at the head of the valley, alone and supreme.

Two new ski-lifts are to be opened shortly, which will improve on what is already some really lovely ski-ing. The slopes at Zermatt are almost entirely north-facing which ensures very good conditions throughout the season.

In the evening the charm of the "night spots" with their local colour and happy informality is of a type wholly lacking in many other resorts. It is altogether one of the most enchanting places in the Swiss Alps.

THE Bernese Oberland's great chain of sports centres, Murren, Wengen, Scheidegg, and Grindelwald, stand supreme. The people are charming, the mountains superb and there is glorious ski-ing on every type of run.

WENGEN, nestled on the side of the mountain, is one of the most cheerful and happy resorts.

The evenings are gay and the "Downhill Only" ski club organises touring parties and races, both serious and amusing, for every type of skier throughout the season.

The popular idea of a day nursery ski school has drawn many parents and children to Wengen. Children can be left there all day, under expert care, ski-ing, skating, tobogganing and playing in the snow with others of their own age, while their parents are away on the farther slopes.

KLEINE SCHEIDEGG, above Wengen, is ideal for the spring. Standing on the pass at 6,770 ft., commanding an incomparable view of some of Switzerland's loveliest mountains,

it lies in a key position. From the doorway there are runs down to Grindelwald on one side (and thence up the "First" chair lift) and to Wengen and Lauterbrunnen (and from there up the railway to Murren) on the other side. In front is the lovely open Lauberhorn with a ski lift, and behind the railway through the mountain, which carries the skier to the Jungfrauoch and the glaciers.

FRANCE. For experts and those who want to bring their ski-ing to racing standard, nowhere is better than Chamonix, where the French train their national ski teams. It has been said, "If you can ski at Chamonix, you can ski anywhere," and I think there is a measure of truth in that.

The village stands at the foot of Mont Blanc, which is sadly unimpressive from so near. In the spring there are some wonderful tours both to and from Chamonix. Perhaps

(Continued overleaf)



A funicular railway runs high above Klosters, in the Davos Valley, which is one of the sunniest and most sheltered in all Switzerland



Continued from page 357]

The skier's Grand Tour

the most famous of these is the "Haute Route" from Zermatt, which takes several days to do.

MEGÈVE is France's most fashionable resort, renowned for its gaiety and possessing some very fast runs and an excellent ski school.

For those who would like to combine the Riviera in winter or spring with ski-ing, the gay little village AURON, with modern hotels and ski slopes, lies only sixty miles north of Nice. The journey from the Mediterranean through the mountains is a striking one, wild and lovely. The ski-ing, though not first-rate, is most amusing. An international race is held there every year, to which many people come.

VAL D'ISERE has increased in popularity since a further ski-lift was built there recently, opening up a new mountain. It is a small and very French resort, built in a pass, with some fine mountains around and good touring in the spring.

The ski school is extremely good and there are runs for every standard. The Flatlanders championship between England, Holland, Belgium and Denmark has frequently been held at Val d'Isere. It is a gay and informal place, where one is bound to find some fun.

ITALY. In Northern Italy, Sestriere, built high on a pass, gets daylong sunshine, with glorious views over the surrounding mountains. From the centre the three cable cars sweep away outwards to the nearest peaks. There are first-class nursery slopes, gentle runs for beginners, and a very wide choice of long and short runs of all gradients.

One can stay here in great luxury or quite simply. Some of the hotels are famed for their strange cylindrical shape.

Though some people come only to sit in the sun, Sestriere can offer some of the finest ski-ing in Europe. The Oxford and Cambridge inter-Varsity races have been held here in December, but the ski-ing is at its best in the spring.

CORTINA will be the scene of the 1956 Winter Olympic Games in February. It will lend itself well to these important events, as it has every facility for ski-ing, skating, bob-sleigh, ski-jumping and cross-country. The village lies at 4,100 ft. Behind it, in a sudden fan of reddish-brown, rise the mountains of the Dolomites.

At the end of the war Cortina was a rest camp, to which many British Servicemen stationed in Italy went, and learned to ski. There are some exceptionally steep, fast runs here.

BREUIL, which lies beneath the Matterhorn (or Monte Cervina, as the Italians call it), on the opposite side to Zermatt, can boast some of the most superb ski-ing on wide, treeless slopes. It is worth going up in the cable car just for the view, with range upon range of mountains stretching away in every direction. The village is simple, but the hotels and pensions are comfortable.



German Tourist Information Bureau

Garmisch-Partenkirchen, that well-known resort in the Bavarian Alps, where the 1936 Winter Olympics were held



Norwegian State Railways

Voss, a Norwegian ski-ing centre, which is a day's journey from Oslo. Here ski-ing for visitors begins in March

Below: Zurs, in the Vorarlberg, is a most attractive village, where ski-ing is all above the tree-line, with a great variety of runs

Austrian State Tourist Dept.





Cortina, the celebrated Italian ski-ing resort in the Dolomites, at 4,100 ft., will be the scene of the Winter Olympic Games next February.

Italian State Tourist Office

AUSTRIA. In the Tyrol, Kitzbuhel is full of the proverbial charm of Austria. It is famous for its "circus" of ski-lifts whereby one can ski up and down new runs by a succession of different lifts. It is Austria's premier resort and there is a wide choice of excellent hotels and pensions. The evenings are traditionally full of spirit and gaiety. Being low in altitude (2,503 ft.) the season is not a long one, though in a good year one can ski here until March.

ST. ANTON is a very pleasant place in which to stay. It was here that the now famous Austrian ski school was born. It was also the scene of the first Arlberg-Kandahar race, now one of the most important ski events in the world.

You will often hear skiers speak with awe of some of the fast and difficult ski-ing at St. Anton; but the ski school is excellent and there are also easy runs for beginners.

ZURS is an enchanting little village in the Arlberg, where ski-ing is all above the tree-line, and there are runs for every standard. The hotels and pensions are small, the food excellent and the evenings amusing and full of "stimmung."

GERMANY'S leading winter sports resort is Garmisch-Partenkirchen. It has all the charm of Bavaria combined with lovely ski-ing. As befits its honour of being the scene of the 1936 Winter Olympic Games, it can proudly boast an ice stadium, several ski jumps and a bob run. There is accommodation, simple and luxurious, to suit every taste.

Standing at 2,500 ft., the season here is not

a long one, though the well-known Zugspitz mountain (9,727 ft.) is within easy reach, where there is some glorious ski-ing above the timber-line until very late on. Built on to the side of this mountain is the Schneefarnhaus Hotel, which is a very comfortable and popular place to stay at, especially in the spring.

OBERSTDORF is a fascinating village in the Allgäu Alps which is ideal for the average skier. The inns and hotels have great "stimmung" and are very reasonable.

La Place de l'Eglise at Megève, in the picturesque Haute Savoie, which has many fast ski-runs and an unusually good ski school



Oberstdorf is renowned for its fantastic ski-jump, where jumps of over 130 metres have been done—"ski-flying" as it is called.

HAHNENKLEE, in the Harz mountains, is a most amusing little place to visit with a family. The ski-ing is not difficult and there are plenty of other diversions in the way of skating, curling, tobogganing and sledging. It is an inexpensive resort of great charm. Being low, the season here is not a long one.

NORWAY. Here ski-ing for visitors does not really start until March, as the weather before then is so bitterly cold. But from March until the snow melts at about the end of April, the ski huts and hotels are full, especially at week-ends. Norwegians themselves ski all the winter, though most along the flat, following the many trails out through the woods. As yet there are not many ski-lifts in Norway, though they are slowly being built. Climbing on skis to reach the mountain tops is still the form. The Norwegians believe in working for pleasure! Ski-jumping and löping (cross-country) are to-day more popular in Norway than downhill ski-ing.

Some of the best-known ski-lifts are at RODKLEIVA, which is a short but very steep slope (on which the 1952 Olympic slalom races were held), just outside Oslo; at NORFFJELL (where the downhill races of the Games were held) and at VOSS, which is a day's journey from Oslo. There are a great many other places to choose from, though most of them are centres for touring and do not have ski-lifts.

Wherever in Europe you choose to go, you are certain of enjoyment, so good ski-ing to you all!

A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE: The Porter (John Kidd) looks on at life, while Argia (Irene Worth) rises from degradation and goes to her death like a true queen; the Traveller (Leo McKern) finds human nature only a means to an end, and Raim (Duncan Lamont) craftily concentrates on the winning side



At the Theatre

TRIUMPH FROM DESPAIR

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

UGO BETTI—introduced by the B.B.C. boys in Mr. Henry Reed's admirable translations—is the latest foreign playwright to become the fashion here. His best play, *The Queen and the Rebels*, has been picked by the Haymarket for itself. *The Burnt Flower Bed* has been doing well at the Arts. There is at least one more Betti to come. The Italian's posthumous fame in London is more or less established.

It is a fashion for which there is more to be said than for some others. We need not credit its hero with the profundity of Ibsen and the subtlety of Pirandello. It is quite sufficient to maintain that this former Roman judge had made a shrewd study of human nature, knew how to put across a story of real significance as thrilling melodrama and was a master of dramatic irony.

UNLIKE Sartre and the French nihilists who have darkened our stage in the last few years with gloomy defeatism given various high-flown philosophic names, Betti is a full-blooded playwright. After taking a good, unflinching look at all the aspects of life that make for despair he calmly elects to put his money on hope. We find this unusual attitude of mind exhilarating.

His heroine in the play at the Haymarket is a coarse adventuress who has lived on men all her life and resented the necessity. She has, of course, blamed the

world for her degradation. It has never occurred to her that she had the power to say "yes" or "no." So far as she can see, all her decisions have been forced on her. "One must live." But caught up in the violence of a revolution, she finds the successive shocks of violence strangely acting as a goad to her moribund spirit. She stumbles on the presence among the herd of refugees of the queen in disguise, sought by the rebels who want to use her for political purposes before ruthlessly killing her.

THE prostitute's instinct is to betray the queen for gain. But she is moved by two emotions stronger than obvious self-interest. She is moved to contempt for a real queen whose years in hiding have made her something no better than a little frightened animal. She feels spite against her accomplice who has just discarded her as his mistress. Out of contempt and out of spite, she sets the ignoble queen free; and then to gain time for the fugitive, play-acts herself into the position of being herself mistaken for the real queen.

This is the situation which Betti uses to bring about a daring and successful transformation of character. Human personality, he suggests, hides in its depths many dissimilar seeds waiting only the appropriate stimulus to bring them into flower, and he shows one of these seeds breaking to the surface in the woman's character with startling effects. She is asked to make decisions that men pause to hear and she realises for the first time that she is free to say "yes" or "no." She has always been free to make these choices, but she has never had the courage to make them. And gradually under the slow twisting of the inquisitorial screws she finds within herself the power to assume the ideal attributes of a queen. And this slow ennoblement of spite and contempt and vanity, this painful recovery of dignity from degradation, is deeply moving in the theatre.



ROYAL ECHO: The real Queen, Elizabetha (Gwendoline Watford), of whom five years of fear and hiding have left only the pathetic remnant of a gracious human being

MISS IRENE WORTH in a performance which has much deepened in volume and tension since I saw her try out the play with the Midland Repertory Company, makes the organic growth of the character thrilling to watch. She is still a little inclined to force the woman's coarseness in the early scenes, but the playing gathers beauty to itself as the real difficulties of the past appear. Mr. Leo McKern is powerfully good as the woman's shrewd rebel antagonist who is at the end himself moved to compassion by the spectacle of her triumphant martyrdom, and Mr. Duncan Lamont handles well a revolutionary who lacks even the courage needed to make his utter lack of conviction a long-term paying proposition.



Angus McBean

THE BRADEN STAGE TEAM

Barbara Kelly and Bernard Braden are together for the first time on the British stage in *Anniversary Waltz*, a comedy by Jerome Choderov and Joseph Fields. It is set in present-day New York, and is the story of a married couple who are happily celebrating their fifteenth anniversary until events from the past come up and complicate their lives.

London Limelight

Elixir of youth

CARL BRISSON, now entertaining at the Café de Paris, is to-day's best lesson to aspiring cabaret artists: he should be the subject for Lecture I. on the kinship between genius and hard work. Miss Lillie has a high individual wit, an especial spice not to be conjured to the palate synthetically: Mr. Coward epitomises thirty years of sophistication and carries his portable halo of glamour with him at all times.

But consider Mr. Brisson. He is, it must be faced, sixty-ish. An ex-prize fighter, an ex-musical comedy hero and an ex-film star. His early achievements cannot mean a great deal to this year's debutantes now trying out their wings in the West End.

Indeed, the world sometimes seems full of small-part actors with their qualifications augmented by a long memory and a longer thirst.

But Mr. Brisson looks a merrily handsome forty—just the interesting age—and his periwinkle eyes flash with a naughtiness which is full of promise. He leaps on to a piano or the precarious back of a chair with accustomed ease. He is what they describe in the swing-world as "corny," that is to say, he deals in romantic cathedrals, off-stage choirs, nostalgic advice to the young and an



Carl Brisson, fighter and film idol of the 'twenties, is now a sprightly fifty-nine

occasional oo-la-la! song. But he wears his corn as he wears his clothes—with elegance and a wink.

His voice is wittily resonant and his technique, with the smallest hand microphone this side of New York, is dazzling. Never have I seen such brilliantly studied spontaneity.

Mr. Brisson conveys that whereas he could do this sort of thing every evening in a modestly pleasing way, to-night is very special, and because he sees so many old friends around, a series of new ideas are bursting from him, and from this glorious moment on he will improvise for our and his particular delight. He has been purveying this brand of charm for a considerable time: only the songs have been changed since his last visit and he is still as surprised and enraptured with us as he was four years ago.

But what a technician! If any politician took a tithe of these pains he could sweep the country, and we would pay our meagre taxes with the feeling that it was the very least we owed to such a host.

—Youngman Carter

At the Pictures

VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR

It is probably a tribute to the acting of Miss Jennifer Jones and Mr. William Holden that I found *Love is a Many-Splendored Thing* an uncomfortable film. Miss Jones plays a Eurasian doctor, widow of a Chinese Nationalist General, and Mr. Holden is an American newspaper correspondent, unfortunately married. They meet in Hong Kong and fall deeply in love. It is done, especially on the part of Miss Jones, almost too convincingly.

The last thing I ever want is to eavesdrop on a couple of lovers—and this, curdling with embarrassment, I was forced to do. The conversation of two people in love is rarely of the slightest interest to anyone but themselves: they are in a world of their own and, in my opinion, it should be sound-proofed.

THE Chinese relatives and European employers of Miss Jones frown severely upon the affair—and, since it offends against the Hollywood Code, involving miscegenation and all that, it is bound to end sadly. Mr. Holden is sent to Korea as a war correspondent and is killed.

The colour photography is very lovely, revealing Hong Kong as a pastel city bathed in pale sunlight, and there are hints of old superstitions and formal Oriental customs which have a certain charm—but I felt ill at ease in the role of Peeping Thomasina. Perhaps, too, I was irritated by the picture's title. Surely Madame Han Suyin, on whose autobiographical novel the film is based, must have been aware that earthly love was not what the poet Francis Thompson had in mind as "the many-splendoured thing." He was, in fact, referring to the Kingdom of God.

Miss Sheree North, starring with Miss Betty Grable in *How to be Very, Very Popular*, has been publicised as "another Marilyn Monroe." If, like me, you fervently hope that Miss Monroe will never be duplicated, you will be relieved to hear that, so far, she hasn't been.

MISS NORTH, who is a pleasant, snub-nosed blonde, seems to me utterly innocent of sex—but as hypnosis early on reduces her to a goofy mechanical doll, I may be doing her less than justice.

Fugitives from a bald-headed murderer, the Misses Grable and North, two nightclub dancers, seek sanctuary in a college for males. As they are wearing their working clothes—high-heeled shoes and a sequin or two—they are very, very popular with the students and cause Mr. Charles Coburn, the bumbling college head, a good deal of quite diverting trouble.

Miss Grable is a considerable comedienne and nothing could be wittier than her tentative explanation, with a rising inflection, of her presence on the campus:

"I'm an unemployed school teacher?" At least, there's nothing wittier in this picture.

As the orphan daughter of a ruined gambler in *The Girl Rush*, Miss Rosalind Russell has adopted the motto "Lose or win—wear a grin." She lives up to it so strenuously that one leaves the film suffering from a sympathetic facial cramp.

She inherits a ramshackle hotel in Las Vegas and, with the left-handed assistance of Mr. James Gleason and the financial backing of Mr. Eddie Albert, converts it into a



Rosalind Russell and Eddie Albert in *The Girl Rush*



Ruritania in Technicolor is the theme of *King's Rhapsody*, with Anna Neagle and Errol Flynn starring in the film version of the last romantic musical Ivor Novello wrote

flourishing gambling den—to the annoyance of double-crossing Mr. Fernando Lamas, owner of the joint next door.

Miss Russell growls a song or two and flails around like a gale-tossed windmill sail in what, for her, passes as a dance number. Miss Gloria de Haven, expertly partnered by Messrs. Mat Mattox and Don Crichton, demonstrates how these things should really be done. Even this couldn't wipe the grin from Miss Russell's face—or bring one to mine.

"KING'S RHAPSODY" brings the late Ivor Novello's successful musical to the screen—and makes it painfully clear that it should have been left where it belonged, in the theatre.

Mr. Errol Flynn, lacking Mr. Novello's witchery, plays the Ruritanian King Rikki with all the romantic allure of a plate of cold beef. An actor who shall be nameless, describing his own success in that part, said: "Darling, the audience went wild with enthusiasm—why, they threw their babies at me!" Something, I feel, should be thrown at Mr. Flynn.

Miss Anna Neagle, indestructibly radiant, makes the King's mistress a model of middle-class respectability and noble resignation, and Miss Patrice Wymore (Mrs. Flynn, that is), as the princess Rikki is forced to marry, has something about her which hints that royal marriages need not necessarily be dull. The settings and costumes are handsome: one can only wish they had adorned a better picture.

—Elsbeth Grant



COCKLESHELL HEROES is the epic story of one of the suicide operations of the war. Ten Royal Marines, brought by submarine to the estuary of the River Gironde, make their way by canoe to Bordeaux harbour to destroy the Nazi ships—only two come back. Left: Jose Ferrer as Major Stringer (centre), Trevor Howard as Captain Thompson, and (right) a canoe overturns in the currents

Television

TRIAL AND ERROR

INTIMACY is the acknowledged hallmark of T.V. Yet only now is either TV service taking tentative steps towards a television style of intimate revue which might be the answer to the search for light entertainment.

To-night's "November Journey" (B.B.C. 8.30 p.m.) represents an attempt to improve upon the disastrous "September," so uniformly and direly disappointing except for Dulcie Gray's merciful professionalism and gallant shot at the right target (a solemn deviation into war graves was hardly her fault).

A BETTER effort towards intimate revue is Associated - Rediffusion's fortnightly "Laurier Lister's Late Show" (Friday). Admittedly the turns are only excerpts from *Airs on a Shoestring* and Mr. Lister's less successful follow-ups. But a show which may bring us Max Adrian remembering lollypops, Betty Marston singing "Aloha" as the sole survivor on an atomic atoll, or Elizabeth Welch doing anything whatsoever, is not to be despised.

Most promising of all was the ballet *Turned Out Proud*, devised by Kenneth MacMillan for the B.B.C. and produced by Christian Simpson in "Music at Ten." This slight, and delightful show was very high-class revue ballet of a kind to gladden Cochran or Charlot. Mr. Simpson has an authentic flair for small-scale diversions. The B.B.C. might well back him to devise a regular hour or forty minutes of TV intimate revue.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

The Gramophone

CHANSONS



THAT exceptional artist, Yves Montand, re-introduces us to some of his better-known successes on a recording titled "À Paris." In this he is joined by Dany Dauberson, Louis Ferrari and his orchestra, and Tony Murena and his quintette. Mlle. Dauberson paints a vivid picture of *les halles*, whilst Ferrari and Murena contribute music that is often typically in the *bal musette* tradition. M. Montand sings four songs, and together with his fellow-performers presents a well-balanced whole. (Parlophone PMD. 1030.)

"PARIS—MIDNIGHT" is the title of another 10-in. Long Play, made by the Bohème Bar Trio with a singer by name Liane. Their offering is nineteen well-known French tunes, nine of which are sung, the remainder being given instrumental interpretation. One side is cleverly linked together with variations of Debussy's "Clair de Lune," the second side introducing Gershwin's "An American in Paris" to this end. The result is imaginative and easy on the ear. (Vanguard PPT. 12003.)

Chief difference between these two L.P.s is that though both are basically similar in theme, "À Paris" is more essentially French than "Paris—Midnight," which, but for the fact that the tunes are all French, could be London, Berlin, New York almost any night.

—Robert Tredinnick



ANITA EKBERG, a beautiful young Swedish-born actress, takes the role of Elena Kouraguine in *War and Peace*, a part she signed to play in place of Arlene Dahl. The film, which is being made in Rome from Tolstoy's great panoramic novel, has Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer as the stars. Anita Ekberg has most recently been seen in *The Golden Blade*. She is twenty-four and enjoys swimming and sailing



Major G. A. Gundry with the Beaufort hounds, which he was hunting on the opening day, was having a word at the meet with a foot-follower

THE BEAUFORT BLUE AT CULKERTON

I WENT down for the opening meet of the Duke of Beaufort's hounds. This took place in brilliant sunshine in the field beside the picturesque little hamlet of Culkerton. The Duke of Beaufort, most beautifully mounted, was at the meet, but he was not hunting hounds that day. His Joint Master, Major Gerald Gundry, was carrying the horn, and I was interested to hear that among the pack he was hunting was the famous foxhound Distaff, Champion at Peterborough this summer.

The Duchess of Beaufort was sadly missed, as she is such a very staunch follower of these hounds. She was still in Tetbury Hospital recovering from a fall she had out cub-hunting a few weeks ago.

MR. DAVID SOMERSET was riding a nice-looking grey horse and chatting at the meet with Lt.-Col. Hugh Brassey, who has just taken over command of the Wiltshire Yeomanry. They, like most of the other followers, were wearing the distinguished dark blue coat with buff collar and facings of the Beaufort Hunt. The only pink coat I noticed was worn by Mr. "Gar" Barker, Joint Master of the V.W.H. (Cricklade). His wife was also hunting.

The Hon. Mrs. Freeman-Thomas, wearing her blue Hunt coat and top-hat, was exceptionally well-turned-out on a nice-looking chestnut. I met her arriving at the meet with Major Reggie Freeman-Thomas and Major "Cuddy" Stirling Stuart, who

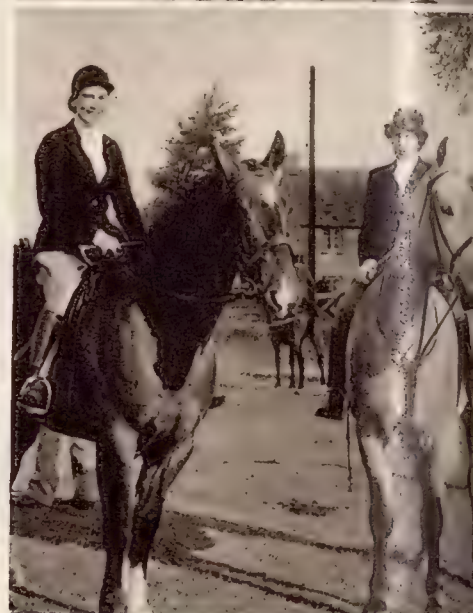
later was talking to Lady Violet Vernon. Mrs. Maurice Kingscote was riding astride on an exceptionally good-looking bay hunter, which she told me she bought at the Dublin Horse Show.

The field also included Lt.-Col. "Babe" Moseley, and others riding were Mr. Kenneth Preston, who is also one of our foremost helmsmen and has sailed in the Olympic races, and W/Cdr. Grant-Ferris, M.P. for Nantwich, who was just able to enjoy the first short hunt, then had to do a quick change and catch the 12.53 train from Kemble, which enabled him to be in the House of Commons soon after 3 p.m. He laughingly told me on the train that if we did run into fog he had found a "pair" on the train. Lady Apsley was following in her Land-Rover, and among those I saw on foot were Mrs. Gerald Gundry, the Hon. Mrs. Gwynne Morgan-Jones, Brig. and Lady Betsy Scott, Mrs. Ferris St. George and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Allsopp.

After the meet hounds moved off to draw Thrull, where they found a fox who crossed the main Cirencester Road, went away over the hill, and back to Culkerton, where they lost him. The field, well up with hounds; enjoyed a good fast hunt and I noticed many were jumping the stone walls, and anything else that came in their line of country. Alas, at this point I had to leave to catch my train, but I heard later that they had another short hunt and ran their fox to ground.

—JENNIFER

Mrs. Stuart Pitman talking to Mrs. Sydney Kekewich before the move off



Miss Ann Summers and Mrs. N. Waterhouse were among the field

Colonel R. B. Moseley and Mrs. K. Green were talking of the prospects



The Hon. Mrs. R. L. Freeman-Thomas, daughter of the late Lord Tweedmouth



Colonel A. B. J. Scott, D.S.O., M.C., the Secretary of the hunt, and Mrs. Scott

Colonel J. S. Lowsley Williams and Major R. L. Freeman-Thomas



Desmond O'Neill

The Duke of Beaufort was at the meet although he was not carrying the horn that day

Below: Wing-Commander R. Grant-Ferris and Miss Rona McCorquodale



Standing By

MORE THAN DIAMONDS

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THIRTY-SEVEN bridge-specialists assembled in New York the other day (vide *Times*) to pass judgment on a poor devil named South who had called one diamond, became too scared to call again, and was apparently still sitting in his club, dumb, sweating, and paralysed, under the glare of six malignant eyes—the kind you see at the Portland Club.

Did his judges take pity on South and say he could go home? Listen to Bridge Specialist Fishbein, whose inexorable verdict was endorsed by all:

"N. Fishbein replied: 'There is no "adequate" bid. Three diamonds is the best of all bids.'"

So the unhappy South had to stick it, though any spectator of the contemporary American scene will know that one magic word from that panel could have demolished N. Fishbein and the whole Gestapo. We see South's benefactor as a silver-haired, silver-voiced, elderly person with big kind eyes behind rimless pincenez, H. Curtis Goodheart by name; a Yale man. Read on:

Reprieve

DEMOLITION-SCENE would go thus:

GOODHEART: One moment, Fishbein. I reckon I know just what South's next call should be.

FISHBEIN (sneering): So?

GOODHEART (quietly): A call for his Mom.

(Silence. 29 bridge-specialists furtively wipe their eyes. The Chairman speaks up uneasily.)

CHAIRMAN: Well, gentlemen, I guess we all know Brother Goodheart's crazy on his Mom.

GOODHEART (impressively): Whose loving arms have never, never failed to answer to my call. Get that.

CHAIRMAN: I guess Brother Goodheart would be real proud to have Brother Fishbein meet Mom, and maybe, gentlemen, that goes for everybody, I mean maybe we're getting a bit tough with this guy South.

FISHBEIN (brokenly): Sure. I forgot South's Mom.

Verdict: Instant release, Fifth Avenue bouquets for old Mrs. South, and a month's free holiday in the Adirondacks for her persecuted son. (End.)

Roar

*Who drags the fiery boxer down?
Who swipes the Soccer-idol's crown?
What makes the golfer bite the loam?
It is the wife, it is the home.*

Almost in these very words (which we venture to adapt from the wellknown agonised lines of Clarence Day) a Sports Page tycoon has been bellowing that only one thing explains why Britannia's sporting heroes are so consistently outmanœuvred, outplayed, overpowered, pushed around, whipped, routed, biffed all over field and ring, and tossed into the alley. It's their subjection (shouted this type) to their everloving wives, who keep them all in cotton-wool.

This being so, the remedy seems simple. Unwinding those rosy arms with bitter insults and clenching those dimpled fists, the wives of the Race's idols must begin driving their hulking mates from the fireside into the wilderness to train à la Rocky Marciano, in grim austerity and rigorous discipline far from all Capuan delights.

"But the little ones, Ruby? The little ones?"

"Better they should starve than live to blush for you—aye, and for England's shame!"

"Please do not stamp on my hot-water bottle."

"Out! Out!"

Undoubtedly the bracing, hard, ascetic life is the thing; good for boxers, good for golfers, good for poets, Cabinet Ministers, coppers' narks, the Ads. Department, beauty queens, average-adjusters, burglars, biologists, and practically everybody we can think of. Get cracking, sweethearts. (Exit, kissing hand, to dress for the Opera.)



Routine

Not long after Nelson bequeathed Lady Hamilton to the British Nation—which is presumably what a TV astrologer meant the other night by describing Nelson's alleged star as "that of a person whose love-affairs might not follow conventional lines"—so many progressive admirals began following suit with bequests of their own sweetie-pies that, if you remember our rough Island story, the Treasury had it stopped.

Otherwise this nautical custom would soon have become a convention, one may reflect. The Race would have got perfectly used, after a few years of it, to seeing the periodical "National Bequests (Naval Division)" notices in *The Times*, and conversation in the Service clubs nowadays would be far more intelligible to outsiders. ("I don't think, Mainbrace, you can leave Toots and Popsy in the same will, better see your lawyer-feller.") Unconventional seadogs would probably dump a discarded sweetie on the Treasury steps during their lifetime, with a curt note attached.

The point is that the principle would be accepted, like the principle of conscription. There was once a terrific hooaha if the word were even breathed. Nowadays it passes, as the French say, like a letter through the post.

So, as we said not long ago to a retired rear-admiral lunching in a Home Counties golfclub, there is no need to despair. We didn't mean to spoil his afternoon game, but evidently he was thinking very deeply, which always affects one's drive.

BRIGGS . . . by Graham



FAMILY GROUP AT EXTON PARK

THE Earl and Countess of Gainsborough and their five children at their home, Exton Park, Oakham, in Rutlandshire. The Countess of Gainsborough was formerly Miss Mary Stourton, daughter of the Hon. John and Mrs. Stourton. Their children are Lady Juliana Noel, Viscount Campden, Lady Maria Noel, Lady Celestria Noel, who is sitting on the stool, and the Hon. Gerard Noel, in his mother's arms. Lord Gainsborough, the fifth Earl, succeeded his father in 1927



HAUTE ECOLE IN VIENNA

THE Lippizaner horses of the celebrated Spanish Riding School in Vienna were recently brought back from their ten years of exile in Upper Austria, and gave the first performance in the Hofburg since their return. The school, founded in the eighteenth century, and housed in the winter riding school of the Hofburg, was removed in 1945 before the entry of the Soviet Army into the city. Here Colonel Alois Podhajsky, the director of the school, shows one of the horses doing the "Capriole"



At The Races

ROUGH DEAL FOR THE GOOSE

NO one connected with racing in this country could gainsay what was said at the annual meeting of the Race-horse Owners' Association, anent the rough deal which the owner in particular, and the public in general, get out of the game. The story that the owner has to race for his own money is hardly new, in fact as old as the hills, for this has been an enduring injustice almost ever since that ancient mariner, Noah, landed his livestock from the Ark.

The figures alone furnish condemnation: 40 per cent. provided by the owner in this country; 6 per cent. in France. If they can do the trick and still provide prizes such as the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, and some others, why cannot we? It has always been bad policy to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, and the wonder is that this English goose has put up with such treatment for so long.

As to that poor creature the racegoer, how he has survived racecourse food for so long ranks with the other wonders of the world; the Pyramids, for instance. In fact, some people, who have had to try and eat a racecourse lunch in a hurry, may have been led to wonder whether, in fact, they were not chewing a bit of Cheops, or one of his friends. Incidentally, has anyone ever met a racecourse luncheon who was not in a hurry? It makes it all the worse, of course, gobbling and gulping! Dogs

and some other animals can do that sort of thing with impunity, but not human beings.

THE practice of placing the adjudged bumping and boring offender at the bottom of the class has never been fair, excepting when it has been a case of a deliberate foul, for which, of course, appropriate punishment is provided under both codes. Offenders of that description ask for anything which comes to them.

Usually, however, in these cases of bumping it is about six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. No one has forgotten the Aboyeur and Craganour case, in which, as so many people thought, Aboyeur should never have been given the race, for they were both at fault.



AN amusing yarn is told about that old Persian sportsman, Firdausi, about whom we were talking apropos polo, and it goes like this: He wrote a long poem called "The Shah Namah," which was full of fulsome praise of the then Sultan Mahmud of Persia. It is said that the Sultan was so pleased with it that he promised Firdausi a whole lot of camels laden with gold, and this looked to be all right, but, apparently, when they got down to brass tacks the Sultan changed his mind, and thought that silver would do just as well as gold!

The poet got to hear of it, and was so angry that he turned his eulogistic poem the other way round, and, instead of praising the Sultan, hit him everywhere that he thought it would hurt! What happened to Firdausi, as a result, has never been recorded, and as it was a good many centuries ago, I do not expect that we shall ever know. Anyway, that's the story and it sounds quite good enough to be true.

OMAR KHAYYAM was also, as the studious know, bitten by the great old game, for it may be recalled that he says: "The ball no question makes of ayes or noes, but here or there as strikes the player goes," and, of course, he was referring to the polo ball. In those times the goal-posts were solid stone, and so anybody who had a collision with them must have come off second best! Thank goodness we have progressed a bit since then.

On the Indian North-West Frontier polo is practically the national game, and can be met with in the most extraordinary spots and under the most extraordinary circumstances. It is a fighting game, and therefore likely to appeal to the quarrelsome people who compose the various tribes.

—SABRETACHE



Anne Bolt

BERMUDA'S NEW GOVERNOR

WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER

LT-GEN. SIR JOHN DANE WOODALL, K.B.E., C.B., M.C., has recently taken up his appointment as Her Majesty's representative in the island of Bermuda in succession to Sir Alexander Hood. Sir John comes from a noted East Riding family, and appointments in his distinguished career include Vice-Adjutant-General to the Forces, G.O.C. Northern Ireland and, most recently, Colonel Commandant, Royal Artillery. Sir John and Lady Woodall were both keen riders to hounds in Ireland, and Sir John is an enthusiastic squash player and president of the Army Lawn Tennis Association. The Governor and Lady Woodall have three children, a son at Wellington, and two daughters, the elder of whom, Miss K. Woodall, is seen (above) with her parents. Left: Government House, which stands on a hill just outside Hamilton, capital of Bermuda





THE GREAT AGE of book production is recalled by the new edition of *Wuthering Heights* and *Jane Eyre*, published at 42s. each by Collins. They are magnificently bound and printed, and the finishing touch of distinction is given by Barnett Freedman's powerful lithographs, two of which are reproduced here



Book Reviews

by Elizabeth Bowen

A SISTER REMEMBERS

SISTERS know sisters, probably, in a manner for which there is no equivalent on earth. Much though any friendship counts for, it still lacks something which exists when two sisters are, also, friends. *THE LIFE OF KATHLEEN FERRIER* (Hamish Hamilton; 15s.) has, therefore, something extra in value, from this fact—that it is the work of Winifred Ferrier. Need for a full biography of the well-beloved, dauntless and wonderful singer has been felt—felt none the less—indeed because of—the world-wide success of *Kathleen Ferrier: a Memoir*, which, under the editorship of Neville Cardus, made its appearance not long ago.

The withdrawal of a glowing life from the world was, to those who knew the singer, no less a tragedy than the cutting short of a career at its high noon. Kathleen Ferrier gave to thousands not only her powers but something of herself. To hear her was to an extent to know her, to know her was to be the better for it—can one wonder that at the ends of the earth, in any one of the countries she had visited, her death was mourned as might be a personal blow?

ALL the more welcome must be this book, with its radiant, human, unshadowed story. Her sister's memories, given to us to share, may in a sense requite for our sense of loss. Here, from the cheerful infancy to the fearless death, we have Kathleen Ferrier, seen through eyes which missed nothing.

The inside picture of a career is always fascinating. In this case, we are following a career whose beginnings are the more sympathetic for being not spectacular. Nothing but faith in herself and her family's faith, in her sustained this girl, child of a

small home in the North of England, throughout what might have been discouraging years.

No star—or would Kathleen Ferrier have disliked this word?—ever less owed her fame to money, "influence" or furtherance by a powerful group of friends. Neither was this a case of precocious talent: nothing spotlighted the little girl in the gym-tunic as an infant prodigy. Kathleen left school at fourteen to become a telephonist—she was not even to be a successful candidate when the inauguration of the TIM service caused a search for "the girl with the golden voice."

Disappointments, failures to do herself justice when it came to any question of competition, were indeed many. That she did not let these reverses amount to

tragedies throws light, I think, on her character—its all-roundness, and its innate bent towards happiness. It would seem, Kathleen Ferrier felt those early misfires more on behalf of her family—who, on each occasion, vibrated with sympathetic hope—than on her own. Outwardly, till after she was grown-up, had married and had been leading the life of a young housewife for some time, she had not much to show—no, not even "promise."

Her voice developed, or was discovered, comparatively late: not until she was into her middle twenties did any serious question of training it arise—and even then it had, as a voice, difficulties which it took patience to overcome.

HER début was made, rather, as a pianist, on a succession of modest concert platforms, more or less in her immediate locality. Her playing, with its increasing assurance and technique, and the possibilities of expression which dawned for her when she touched the keys, did much to build up the confidence she would need in another, her true and predestined, musical field. The Kathleen Ferrier whom Winifred Ferrier shows us represents the happiest kind of paradox: single-mindedness, plus the ability to enjoy and take in her stride many different things. Equanimity, a willingness to meet life as it came, must, one feels, surely have been the base of this artist's later extraordinary staying-power.

And what endless staying-power was needed! The concert tours during the war were rigorous—but were only a foretaste of what celebrity touring was to take. It would not be too much to say that those war years, their demands and their widening opportunities, "made" Kathleen Ferrier professionally: from them



THE STAG CALF, a chapter heading by Maurice Wilson from *The Singing Forest*, by H. Mortimer Batten (Blackwood; 12s. 6d.), a delightful account of a Highland deer's life

she emerged with high reputation. From then on she was steadily moving forward; there was to be Glyndebourne, then Covent Garden. "Lucky Kathleen!" she exclaimed to her sister, from time to time. One has the feeling that she never took anything for granted: success she received with gratitude and rapture, surprise almost.

BUT oh, the cost! The exactingness of thousands of miles of travel, interspersed by "appearances" (sometimes under nerve-racking conditions), is not easy for an outsider to realise fully—Winifred Ferrier's accounts, plus extracts from Kathleen's day-to-day letters home, do, however, conjure up something of it. . . . The singer's sister keeps herself well in the background of this story, yet we do have glimpses, and delightful ones, of her participation in the career. Together the sisters worked on this joint enterprise—each new development, each risk, each problem being discussed between them. That ever-important question of concert dresses!

This *Life of Kathleen Ferrier* has the intimacy of a domestic picture, full of tenderness, daily prosaicism and, often, comedy. Genius at home, we learn, does not always burn with an austere flame.

★ ★ ★
THE literature of childhood has an addition in Dorothea Rutherford's *THE THRESHOLD* (Rupert Hart-Davis; 18s.). These recollections of Reval, principal city of Estonia, in and around the year 1900, have an almost uncanny, a haunting clarity. What went on outside and inside one small girl, Liesbeth, comes to seem, as one reads, more acute than one's own experience. This is a crystal, unbroken child's-eye-view of a world—all the sensations, emotions, all the intensity. Surely (taking the author to be Liesbeth?) this is a miracle of memory.

Only, of course, in the background does Reval appear; or rather, the ancient city is woven into the texture of early consciousness. So far, Liesbeth knows of no other place: these spire-dominated grey streets, sedate but kindly, these market squares, cloistered gardens and rustling lime trees are her entire universe—but for the summer bungalow near the sea. A child, one realises, at once takes nothing for granted and all for granted; everywhere, it is seeking at once for symbols ("Little Thomas," tiny on his tall spire against the sky, is one for Liesbeth) and also for clues, keys to understanding. This to-and-fro between perception and confusion comes out very tellingly in *The Threshold*.

IN so far as this is a story (for events follow each other more or less at random, inconsequently, as they do in life), it is told in the third person. Yet though Liesbeth is "she," one feels her as "I"—all other persons are shown from the outside, in terms of the child's reactions. Father and mother, grandmother (exceedingly formidable), two or three aunts, Irmgard the younger sister, Max the detached superior schoolboy brother, Maria the cook, and two successive nursemaids make up the cast. The reality of each one of these becomes, before the end of the book, so great that one can almost see them, hear them, and touch them. Moreover, the story is told in the present tense—and I admit that at first I found this distracting. In the long run, however, it comes off: one lives, as does Liesbeth, utterly in each moment.

Continued on page 392

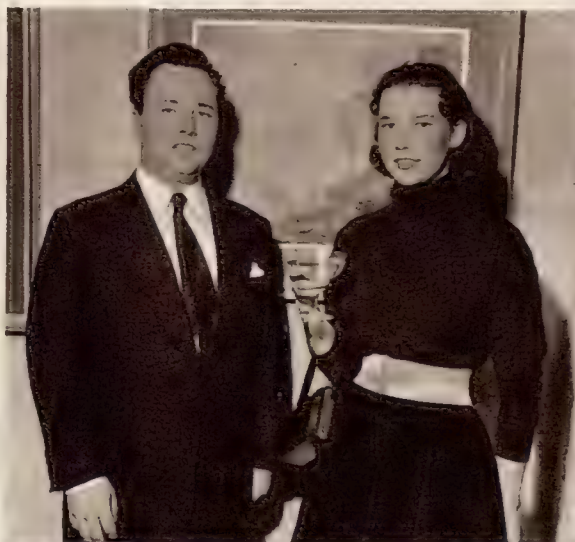


Desmond O'Neill

JAMES BAILEY, who is well known for his stage designs, had his first exhibition of pictures at the Redfern Gallery recently. The exhibits were theatre drawings and romantic landscapes. Above: Lady Olivier and Miss Ann Todd discussing one of the pictures

The artist, Mr. James Bailey, with his cousin Lady Rose Mackay, half-sister of the Earl of Inchcape.

The Hon. William Buchan, who is a brother of Lord Tweedsmuir, was talking to Mrs. Peregrine Worsthorne



Count Josef Bromovoski and Mrs. John Merton at the exhibition. Many of the pictures were inspired by Italy



Prince and Princess Yurka Galitzine were among the many guests who came to see the paintings

For village walks at high altitude

A WINTER sports holiday has the glitter of excitement. From the day you arrive until the moment you leave there is a sparkle in the air. To match the mood, it is important to have the latest and smartest accessories, of which the leading stores have a splendid selection. On this page are some from Simpson (Piccadilly), ideal for walks and shopping in the Alpine villages
—JEAN CLELAND



Coachhide bucket bag in hazel or café au lait, stitched in white and with a concealed spring fastening to the inner pocket. Price £2 10s.



Angora pixie cap (£2 15s.) and gloves (17s. 6d.) from Italy, in crushed rose. Matching angora cap (£1. 12s. 5d.) and gloves (17s. 6d.) in lemon



Red leather boots with lambswool lining. Price £3 17s. 6d. a pair

Dennis Smith



Dennis Smith

Essential kit for the gay Alpinist

THE mountains are waiting to welcome their annual visitors—and in their dress and deportment, gaiety is a first essential. Here we see examples from Lillywhites of how far from the drab (though still severely practical) ski-ing kit can be nowadays. From top left, red bordered fine wool scarf, flower patterned, £1 12s. 6d. Royal blue ribbed wool cap, to pull over ears, £1 1s. Green nylon ski/sun glasses, 17s. 6d. Yellow leather "bunbag," £2 5s. Royal blue wool mitts, 16s. 6d. Elasticated belt of Austrian braid, £1 5s. 6d. Royal blue fine wool scarf, 12s. 6d. Red and white leather "bunbag," £2 7s. Narrow belt, 15s. 9d. Blue Tonkin cane ski sticks, £2 8s. 6d. pair. Skis from £9 18s. pair. Ribbed wool cap with ear muffs, 15s. 6d. New lightweight "Duo" ski boots, £10 19s. 6d.



Peter Clark

For snow and sunlight

*What to wear on
your ski-ing holiday*

FOR our winter sports Choice of the Week, we went to the sports wear department at Simpsons, Piccadilly (even if you don't want a winter sports outfit, do go and look at this for the décor alone). Here we picked out the lovely anorak shown above. Made of very fine proofed poplin with cleverly worked chevron stripes, it comes in pink or olive green as well. It costs 9½ gns. The ski pants here and on the opposite page, are Simpsons own and made of pure wool gabardine, price 11 gns.

Choice for the Week

by Mariel Deans



FOR midday sunshine. Simpson's well cut shirt blouse of beige Perla-cord (left). The sleeves shown rolled up here are really full length. Price 5 gns. Above we show a gay Italian sweater in scarlet and white wool, price 13 gns., worn with a scarlet balaclava helmet. This, like the white one shown on the opposite page, is made of a silky plush fabric and costs only £1



The Mountain Wardrobe

NOW that we are getting our first foretaste of winter's cold and general beastliness, winter sport addicts are completing their plans for the glorious days to come and have started to limber up their ski-ing muscles.

There is absolutely nothing to stop us from starting right now to contemplate the wardrobe we shall take, or would like to take, with us when the time comes for our three weeks at Christmas at the Palace at St. Moritz or for that seven days Polytechnic tour to the Arlberg in February, according to our purse or ski-ing proficiency. The clothes we choose will, of course, be much influenced by our destination and what we are going to do when we get there, for the gay knitwear and scarlet pants that would be greeted with admiration lunching at the Corviglia Club would be the worst sort of sartorial bloomer in a remote Tyrolean village.

Roughly, one might say that the smaller the place the more conventional the clothes.

IF you are going to St. Moritz, Klosters or Sestrière, and propose spending a good deal of your time lying in the sun getting brown and watching ski-jumping or skating displays, then your ski clothes, beautifully tailored, of course, and quite un-fussy, *could* be fairly brightly coloured and, of course, your *après-ski* wardrobe will be as gay and varied as your age and figure and dress-sense make advisable, and you'll need evening clothes as well.

In the little villages where ski life is hard and earnest, navy blue or black jacket and vorlagers are practically a uniform, and a full skirt with some thin wool sweaters and blouses are all you will need for the hotel in the evening.

The question of keeping warm is best met by wearing several layers of silk and light wool in the form of vest, blouse and sweater under a proofed poplin jacket or anorak—as your exertions increase and the sun rises high in the sky, you can gradually strip and remain comfortable, whilst an enormous heavyweight sweater may let in icy early morning draughts and then be far too hot at midday.

APRÈS-SKI clothes are also all the better if you have something that can be added or removed. Central heating in the big hotels is generally rather overdone and the oven-like warmth produced by the enormous old-fashioned stoves in the *gaststubes* of village inns is frequently quite overpowering!

A final word about boots. These, of course, are the clue to the whole holiday and should be as good as you can possibly afford. Choose them with infinite care for fit and comfort. Most of the big London sports outfitters have excellent shoe departments with a large variety of ski-boots to choose from, as well as experts in attendance to see that you don't put a foot wrong at this crucial point.

—MARIEL DEANS

For the idle moments of an active skier, Harvey Nichols's fabulous jacket of ocelot finished with bands of ribbed knitting is worn with their black wool ski pants and sweater and black balaclava

*It is hardly too much to say
that each resort differs
in the style it expects
its devotees to follow
to earn the whisper "bon goût"*

"Tofana," a golden yellow proofed poplin anorak by Bogner, has a high polo collar and snugly fitting cuffs of black ribbed wool. It is decorated with black stitching. A Rima import it is sold by Lillywhites

"Corvara," Bogner's slickly simple ski jacket of blue proofed poplin fastened all the way down the front by a hidden zip fastener. It has a neat hood that ties under the chin. Imported by Rima, it is stocked by Harrods



Sun, gluvine and music

- 1 Finnigans' black and white ski jacket is made of 100 per cent proofed cotton. It has a roll neck collar which makes a hood and a zip fastening front. The ski pants are nylon and wool mixture
- 2 Lillywhites' black ski jacket of single texture proofed cotton has a hood edged with white fur fabric. The vorlagers, in elasticated wool crimped nylon, are made to pass right under the foot, whilst the boots are Lillywhites' own exclusive "Duo"—the lightest ski boot for women on the market
- 3 Jaeger suggests for informal *après-ski* wear a circular wool skirt in black and white or gaily coloured tartan worn with slippers to match. The evening sweater is made of fine black jersey and the mohair stole is sold in many colours





- 4 Harrods' silk shirt—white patterned with a grey and black Regency design, is shown here worn with narrowly tapered pants of vivid blue wool jersey
- 5 A circular black felt skirt trimmed with a reindeer—patterned grey and white braid, is worn with a black French jersey sweater. The leather belt has more of the reindeer design on the buckle

Drawings by Hartland





Above: Skier's lunchbag (red) of nylon fabric with leather top and strap, £2 5s. Book on pre-ski exercises, price 3s. 6d. Oiled wool ski mitts, 15s. 6d., from Lillywhites

Below: The rucksack is designed by an expert skier for use by skiers. Made in strong proofed rayon with chrome leather fittings and straps. £5 12s. 6d., from Lillywhites

That finishing touch for mountain air

YOU have the snow, the sun, the ice and the music. If you have attractive accessories as well you have everything that makes for a splendid holiday

— JEAN CLELAND



The tartan twin bag is a capacious hold-all for travel. It can be adapted in two sizes, large or small, by the release of clips at either end. Price £9 15s. from Finnigan's





A pure silk multi-coloured square featuring "A Skier's Busy Day." From novelty scarves at Simpsons (Piccadilly), £2 5s.



Charming black silk square with colour printed motifs of winter sports resorts. Price £2 5s. from Simpsons (Piccadilly)



Very long striped jelly bag or stocking cap which can be worn also as a scarf. Price £1 12s. 6d. The red and white Swiss Miss wool cap costs 15s. 6d.

ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

Since certain sections of this journal went to press, changes in Purchase Tax have been announced, and therefore the selling prices of some of the articles advertised in this issue may be affected by such changes

fly BEA to the Sun



fly BEA to the Snow



Sun-worshipper or snow-fan? Whichever you are there's tremendous scope for you in Europe this autumn and winter. All down the Mediterranean way the sun will be working overtime. All round the mountains the snow will be lying sparkling white. Everything is so inviting, you'll feel you cannot get there fast enough. So don't waste a moment en route; fly there in all the comfort of a BEA Viscount or Elizabethan. That way you reach the sun or snow in a few hours. You can be in Milan, for example, in 2 hours 30 minutes at a tourist return fare of £36.0.0; Zurich in 2 hours 5 minutes at an off-peak tourist return fare of £20.2.0 (from December 16). Ask your Travel Agent for the folders that give full information on resorts, routes and fares. Or consult your nearest BEA office, or BEA, Dorland Hall, 14/20 Regent Street, London, S.W.1. GERRARD 9833.


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inclusive holidays.*



Swiss National Tourist Office
Guests lunching on the ice rink of Suvretta House at St. Moritz with its magnificent view of the beautiful Engadine Valley. Prominent in the background is the Piz La Margna

For snowline appetites

IF someone asks you to tell them something about the food and wine at the winter sports resorts, one might be tempted to reply that in the Swiss mountains the cuisine is Swiss, in Germany German and in France French.

This would be an easy way out but hardly fair because one could write a book about the regional specialities of those parts of Europe where winter sports are available.

As a compromise let us take a brief look round and start with Switzerland.

There is no such thing as a standard Swiss cuisine; in a country where there are 10,000 hotels and 16,000 restaurants, a country divided into three parts speaking as their basic languages French, German and Italian, it is obviously impossible. It is, in fact, entirely international which in view of the fact that they cater for over ten million visitors a year is just as well.

Nevertheless they have not lost their individuality; for example, in the canton of Ticino, where they speak Italian, you will find the dishes more highly spiced and a great deal of olive oil used in their preparation.

CCHEESE is a "must" in Switzerland and you have a fine choice. Fondue, a preparation based on cheese, is as local to the country as bacon and eggs to England. It is a mixture of Switzerland's "Swiss" cheese, white wine, flour and garlic, to which you can add cognac, Kirschwasser or Apple Jack to choice. It is all stirred up in an earthenware casserole or copper pan until bubbling. As the Swiss say: "It requires rather close friendship among the participants because they literally eat it out of the same pot."

This is done by spearing a piece of dry bread and dunking it in the boiling mess; it is essential to eat it almost red hot because if you allow it to cool it's rather like having a rubber golf ball in your mouth. They say it brings much inner contentment, which you probably need after leaping from precipice to precipice. Personally I found it rather exhausting.

A cheese dish I much prefer is called Raclette and comes from the canton of Valais. Here they hold a loaf of cheese against a stove of red hot coals. When the cheese starts to melt the cook scrapes the melted surface on to hot plates and serves it with potatoes and pickles. It goes very well with one of the local white wines.

Another national speciality are the sausages, of every conceivable kind, shape and ingredient, and all very good.

DEREK MEAKIN describes a favourite dish of the German-speaking section called Bernerplatte which consists of a pig's head, ribs of beef, marrow bones, tongue sausages, boiled ham, beef tongues and pickled pork, all cooked together and served with garnishings of sauerkraut, French beans and boiled potatoes. After this I suggest you would need a long rest.

In the mountainous Grisons a great favourite is the Bunder Fleisch, which is raw meat air dried and cut into thin wafers.

In the Italian part there is naturally an abundance of spaghetti, risotto and ravioli, a great speciality being "Caperetto" which is a young goat or kid.

At the smart mountain hotels, especially for dinner, it's more or less a question of ordering anything you want and you will get it, but it's a safe bet that wherever you stop in Switzerland and whatever you may choose, it will be good.

STICK to the Swiss wines: many of them are excellent. There is no need to worry about vintages because few Swiss wines improve with age and they are best drunk young and fresh and are delightful in the sharp mountain air.

Amongst some of the better known is a red wine from Dôle in the Rhine Valley, something between a claret and a Burgundy, the best being "Pinot Noir." There is also an excellent dry white wine "Neuchâtel" and another dry white "Dezaley" from the northern shores of the lake of Geneva.

As for Germany, people who have not been there have a queer idea that they live mainly on sauerkraut and frankfurters, accompanied by huge steins of strong, dark, hairy beer. Nothing could be further from the truth. They

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or at one of the many smaller but equally invigorating resorts. Many special tickets (see GRISONS HOTEL GUIDE) cheapen holidays and facilitate ski-ing.

Apply to the Swiss National Tourist Office, 458-59 Strand, W.C.2, the Travel Agencies, the Tourist Offices of the resorts or to the Grisons Tourist Office, Coire (Switzerland)



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THE CARLTON

A very first-class Winter Sports Hotel.

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Leading Hotel for Winter Sports. Particularly attractive arrangements in January and March.

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(6,200 ft.)

A leading Hotel for Winter Sports. Own Ski-school, Curling, Ice-rinks. New: Teleferic to Piz Nair (10,000 ft.).

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Write to R. Kienberger, resident manager.



St. Moritz

HOTEL BELVEDERE

A leading first-class hotel for all Winter Sports. Please write to Anton Diethelm, Propr. Director.

PONTRESINA

The Traditional English House

250 rooms and baths.

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HOTEL LA MARGNA

Distinguished family and sporthotel. 110 beds.

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All winter sports. Swiss ski-ing school. Cableway for skiers. Funicular Muottas Muragl. Information office.

St. Moritz

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Life is at its best in the sun and snow! Tschuggen, the leading hotel, centre of Winter Sports and social events (all front rooms with loggia). Highly attractive terms in January and March. R. Wetten, Manager.

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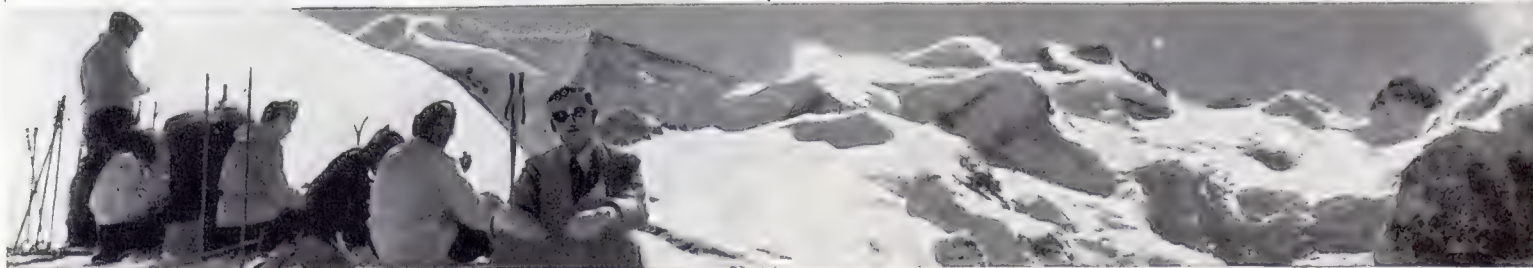
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[Continuing from page 382]

For snowline appetites

take a great delight in eating and regard a meal as something which is not to be hurried.

If you are in a rush, have something cold, which is easy to select from the astonishing and magnificent range of sausages and cooked meats available. Otherwise, as nearly all dishes of any consequence are usually freshly prepared in a right and proper manner, you will have to wait.

As in other countries, they have cultivated an international cuisine and your menus in fashionable hotels and restaurants will have everything from Tagliatelle Bolognese and Quennelles de Brochet to steak and kidney pudding.

THE thing to do is to go for the local specialities, such as the famous white sausage of Upper Bavaria made of veal, beef, calves foot and head, brawn and various seasonings. This part of Germany alone has over forty varieties of cheese, including the famous Limburger.

The Alpine rivers provide trout, mullet and char. The latter is a sort of second cousin to a trout, and can be cooked in the same way.

In Franconia and eastern Bavaria they have some fine wines and some great and famous beers, such as Bayrische G'Frore (frozen beer) which they boast is the strongest beer on earth.

The fried sausages of Nuremberg straight off the grill are something to remember, and a tremendous use is made of dumplings, from the "Bavarian" which is loosened with bread crumbs and stuffed with bacon cubes, probably being served with roasted pigs' knuckles or home-cured pork. There is dumpling soup, sour dumplings, liver dumplings, dumplings with ham and sauerkraut, with or without mushrooms.

The Black Forest abounds in wild game and the rivers provide trout, barbel, eels and Rhine salmon.

Do not imagine that German cooking is necessarily heavy. If it is, it is so by intention, but it can also be very light and delicate.

AND so to France—no matter where you are, if enjoying food and wine is your hobby and delight you will be well content.

Take the Savoie, with hare, partridge, quail and woodcock on the mountain slopes; its freshwater fish, such as Omble Chevalier, a gourmet's delight, the rivers being alive with trout, pike and perch.

Specialities *de la maison* abound, from Volaille des Gourmets Parisienne to the Cochon de Lait à la Broche (sucking pig on a spit).

There is the province of Dauphiny with its mountain trout and Gratin Dauphinois, and I remember a Feuilleté de Ris de Veau au Porto which was a sweetbread turnover with port, not to mention the brandy and Madeira they also used in its preparation.

Winter sports are available in the Massif Central in the Province of Auvergne, and once again you have an abundance of game and rivers well stocked with trout.

So in the Jura the rivers provide tench, carp, perch, and the little red crayfish which are considered a great delicacy. The forests harbour the beloved *becasse* (woodcock) and an astonishing variety of edible mushrooms, the most famous being Morilles.

There are also winter sports in the Vosges Mountains where again you can indulge in orgies of *truite* and *foie gras*, and some excellent Alsatian wines.

I LEAVE Austria to the last, unfortunately, because I have not been there and space is running short, but a book has come my way and I can do no better as an apologia to that beautiful country (where some wonderful skiing can be enjoyed) than quote the introduction by its author:

"The culinary flavour of Austria is a gentle flavour. It knows of the fiery spices of Hungary and the elegance of French cuisine. It derives much of its strength from Moravia and much of its daring from Poland. It is a broadminded flavour—if flavours can be broadminded—a flavour that knows the meaning of compromise. . . ." (*Austrian Cooking* by Gretel Beer; Andre Deutsch, 10s. 6d.)

Having read some of the delicious recipes I propose to travel to Austria at once, via the kitchen.

—James Hall



French Government Tourist Agency

The "A Petit" restaurant at Megève, Haute Savoie. This attractive and popular little ski-ing centre is set amid immense snowfields



*Cross-Sun-Sierr
Tuesday.*

Dear Charles,

As you know it was a nasty foggy morning when we left Victoria by train yesterday on time. And when we reached Geneva, also on time, it was so misty that we could scarcely see the lake. Up here of course it is marvellous.

But you should have seen the luggage our party took—skin, ski-boots, trunk loads of stuff. But it all arrived safely and no extra charge, altho' some of us went 3rd. class sleeper, some 2nd. class with couchettes and one or two, very grandly, travelling 1st.

Take care of yourself
Peggy.

P.S. The children are having a wonderful time and how they'll boast about their Winter Sports and the sea trip when they go back to school.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

Direct services to all Winter Sports centres in Switzerland, France and Austria.
Noticeably reduced terms for parties of 10 or more.



Services and fares from principal Travel Agencies or the Continental Enquiry Office, VICTORIA STATION, LONDON, S.W.1 or BRITISH RAILWAYS TRAVEL CENTRE, LOWER REGENT STREET, S.W.1



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Beauty

Gear up for the slopes

BEFORE I went to Switzerland for the winter sports for the first time, I used to wonder what it would be like to ski really well. When I came home after a *second* visit, I was still wondering. If you call a tremulous descent down a gentle slope—interrupted by many falls—ski-ing; well then, I certainly ski-ed, but as for doing it well, that was not for me. Maybe my legs are not the right shape, or perhaps it was that the time was too short to become proficient, and I was not sufficiently “conditioned” beforehand.

The advice of experts, for those who are going for a winter sports holiday for the first time, is, to *be prepared*. A great deal, they say, can be done towards greater enjoyment of the sports, and in learning to ski quickly, by regular exercise beforehand, and by doing the right kind of movements to get the muscles into trim. To make this simple an excellent little book has been published by the Ski Club of Great Britain, which should be of the greatest possible help. Compiled and drawn by M. E. Coombes and L. G. C. Pugh, the directions are easy to follow, and the little drawings wonderfully clear.

To quote from this book, the following advice should be useful. “Probably the best form of pre-ski training, much favoured by Continental team trainers—and not, unfortunately, very readily found in this country—is walking and running in hilly country.” “It is important to remember that to get the best results from any system of physical training, you must start well within your capacity, and work up the amount of exercise *gradually*, as fitness increases.” “Whatever your occupation or opportunities may be, it must always be borne in mind that the fitter you can become before a winter sports holiday, the less likely you will be to suffer hurt or injury, and the quicker you will be able to master the intricacies of ski-ing.” “Do not use the lift unless necessary; it is good training to run up and down stairs. Wear low heels, if possible, part or all day. This helps to lengthen your calf muscles gradually.”

As regards general beauty care, for this particular holiday, I would advise you to change the usual formula of Top-to-Toe, and work on the lines of Toe-to-Top. As a general rule, most women start by giving attention to their hair and their complexions, and then, if they have any time over, give a little casual care to their feet. Those who are contemplating a winter sports holiday would do well to start in reverse.

IN practically any kind of sport, well-conditioned *feet* are essential both to comfort and to success. If, due to neglect, they are unable to stand up to the extra demands made upon them, they will let you down and ruin the whole thing. To complain about them when it is too late, is useless; the sensible course is to make sure in plenty of time that under no circumstances will *they* start complaining about you.

Go to a good chiropodist, and let him—or her—give your feet the once over, to make sure that all is well. Do this some time before setting off on your holiday, if possible, so as to leave time for further visits, should these be necessary. Massage your feet yourself, with a rich skin food, each night, starting at the toes, and working towards the ankles. This need only take a few minutes, but it keeps the joints supple, and the extra flexibility it gives to the whole foot is inestimable. Splash the feet with cold water every morning after the bath, and then rub over and under the insteps, and well round the heels, with eau-de-Cologne or surgical spirit to harden the skin. Take one of the excellent foot balms with you on your holiday, also a good foot powder, and don't forget a tin or packet of Elastoplast, just in case of any rubbing or chafing from heavy boots.

A BEAUTY expert connected with one of the famous salons, who frequently goes to winter sports, gives some wise advice as regards make-up. “Be sure,” she says, “to take a good protective cream to guard against the rays of the sun.” This can be used in place of the ordinary foundation, and will perform the double function of keeping the make-up smooth and matt. She is very definite about *not* using too much make-up in the daytime, which she thinks looks out of place for sport. Use a darker shade by day, with very little powder, and take with you some more delicate shades of foundation and powder for the evening.

My own advice is to pack in your luggage a really good face masque. Long days of strenuous exercise, and long evenings on the dance floor, may result in a tired look, which is the last thing you want on a gay holiday. A face masque or pack provides the quickest way of reviving the looks and smoothing out the little lines which often appear as a result of fatigue.

One last word. Have a good perm in plenty of time for it to “settle down,” and be sure to buy a good hair lacquer with which to keep your hair in place while you are away.

Oh!—just a minute—don't forget a pair of dark glasses to protect your eyes from the glare of the sun and the snow.

—Jean Cleland





*Couturiers in
London, Paris,
Berlin and
Rome choose*

ACETATE

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sees 'Celanese' Satin Duchesse
as moonlit water.

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he scatters crystal drops and
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NO TROUBLE FROM GOODYEAR TUBELESS DURING 20 STUNT-DRIVING SHOWS



Experienced motorists who saw the daring car stunts during the recent U.K. tour of the Hollywood Motor Rodeo unanimously agreed that they were the most convincing demonstrations of tyre reliability they had ever seen.

This rodeo certainly proved once again that you can rely on Goodyear Tubeless Tyres—used on the stunt cars. The co-proprietor of the show, Earl Newberry, was so impressed that he wrote to Goodyear at Wolverhampton, where the tyres were made "... I must say that at no time even doing shows under most trying conditions did we have even one tyre failure. We have never experienced as good a record as this in twenty shows before and I can say nothing but



Punishing blow for Goodyear Tubeless as stunt car leaps from one ramp and crashes down on another (close-up above). The tyres, standard production from the Goodyear factory, lost no pressure and held fast every time!

praise for the new Goodyear Tubeless Tyres." Motorists can enjoy the advantages of Goodyear Tubeless now — a new standard of safe, trouble-free motoring and the greatest ever puncture and burst protection.

Fit these longer-lasting tyres singly, in pairs, or full sets on all wheels (except wire) of 16" diameter and under. And remember, a Goodyear Tubeless costs no more than an ordinary tyre and tube.

GOODYEAR TUBELESS TYRES

Motoring

ASTONISHING TESTS

FAR be it from me to labour the facts and figures of the Motor Show; but before the whole thing becomes blurred, it seems worth while recalling a few outstanding matters. Two developments were to be noted in a great many British cars; the fitting of overdrive as standard or as an optional extra, and the fitting of tubeless tyres as standard.

People sometimes ask why manufacturers should be so anxious to go over to tubeless tyres. To this question there are two answers. First, in ordinary service the tyres hold their pressure somewhat better and, second, their puncture-proof qualities are exceptionally good. My own experiments with a set of tubeless tyres which I have now been running for over a year with a total mileage approaching 20,000 have shown that the claim that these tyres hold their pressures longer is justified.

As for the other claim, there was a Royal Automobile Club Trial, Number 801, which is worth quoting. The entrant was the Dunlop Rubber Company and the trial consisted of a test run with a car fitted with tubeless tyres, the tyres having been previously punctured by 3-inch nails. The car used was a nearly new Austin Westminster and the route selected was from London to Scotland and back, detours being made to give a total distance of 1,230 miles.

First the tyres were all adjusted to 26 lb./in. pressure which—for the sake of those with Continental models—is about 1.7 atmospheres. The nearside front and the offside rear tyres were punctured by having three 3-inch nails driven through each tread. The nails were driven up to the head.

At the end of the run no measurable alteration in tyre pressure was found. The heads of the nails had worn off, but the shanks were still visible. This seems to me to be a convincing demonstration of the pressure-holding properties of tubeless tyres even when the treads are pierced.

ON the other matter of overdrive, there was evidence of much progress. The Laycock overdrive is fairly well known in this country and uses hydraulic power and a uni-directional roller clutch. Its important feature from the driver's point of view is that it maintains engine braking at all times. Freewheels are sometimes criticized because they do not give engine braking. Some drivers who like the freewheel emphasize that it must be used with discretion because of the disappearance of the drive on the over-run.

Various degrees of automaticity have been offered in the Laycock de Normanville overdrive since it was first introduced, and today it can provide most of the advantages of a fully automatic transmission in a restricted range of ratios.

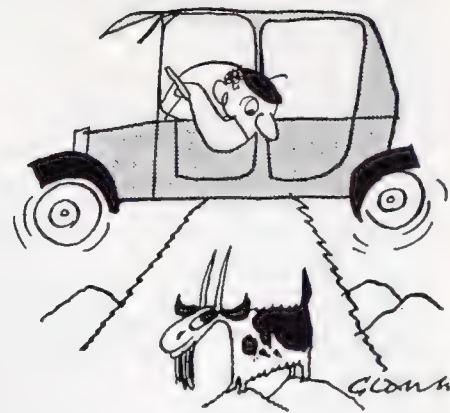
Here again we have a Royal Automobile Club Trial (number 7,800) which is worth quoting. It was done with a Standard Vanguard III saloon fitted with the Laycock de

Normanville overdrive with electric control. London-Edinburgh and return was the route; the average speed was 37.5 miles an hour (60.35 kilometres an hour) and the fuel consumption worked out at 34.53 miles to the gallon (8.18 litres to the 100 kilometres). The Vanguard was one selected at random by R.A.C. officials from the assembly conveyor at the works. It was run in for 1,304 miles before the test, with the checks recommended in the instruction book.

This seems to me to be a remarkable testimony to the economies that are effected by use of the overdrive. The car was not allowed to coast on hills and the driving throughout this illuminating trial was normal.

Motor Show test day at Goodwood was not well favoured by the weather but was otherwise the most successful yet held. The object of this event is to arrange that foreign motoring journalists shall have an opportunity of trying for themselves a number of British motorcars. The selection of cars was wide this year, with almost every make well represented and with a fair range of novelties—among them the Lanchester Sprite with the Hobbs automatic transmission.

THE test day followed the annual dinner of the Guild of Motoring Writers. It was presided over by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon who proved once again that, however boisterous a dinner, it is always worth while making serious points in a speech. The purely entertaining speech is never so effective as the speech which contains a message; and, where there is this serious element, the jokes themselves seem to go down much better. The Duke's subjects were



two: first the way in which we should look upon the motor racing disasters at Le Mans and at Dundrod and, second, the need for enterprise and pioneering on the part of motorcar manufacturers. He mentioned the Citroën as an example of a piece of bold enterprise and argued that such efforts nearly always reaped their reward in the end.

SOME attempt has been made to persuade people to fit their cars with safety harness. It will be interesting to see whether it succeeds. As I mentioned before in these notes, when the Bristol company introduced safety harness in their cars, they found that the public did not want it and would not have it. And the point to remember is that the lap strap is almost useless as a safety device; there must be a full harness much like that worn by the pilot of a fighter aeroplane.

The harness must restrain but it must also enable the person wearing it to retain a sufficient power of movement to enable him to see around easily. It is a more difficult problem than appears at first sight. If the middle of the body is held, the trunk may go forward and the head be injured. If the shoulders are restrained it may be difficult for the driver to turn round.

These attempts to introduce safety harness are praiseworthy; but I feel some doubt about whether they will achieve full success. The motoring public is an obstinate animal and must be well prepared before it will accept new ideas of this kind.

— Oliver Stewart



MR. WILFRID ANDREWS, chairman of the R.A.C. (left), accepting from Mr. John Gott the team prize won by the R.A.C.-nominated drivers in the 1955 Liège-Rome-Liège Rally. The trophy, a hand-cut vase in crystal, was offered to the Royal Automobile Club for perpetual display



M. FREZOULS (centre), creator of the recipe given below, at the Hôtel de Paris, Monte Carlo, with M. Albert Germain (left), the maître d'hôtel, and Victor, the head barman

DINING OUT

The sea-wolf of Monte

HERE is an opportunity for you to exercise your gastronomic French with a recipe I have received from M. Frezouls, a maître chef of renown and chef de cuisine at the Hôtel de Paris, Monte Carlo.

LOUP BRAISE AUX LAITUES: Choisir un loup de 1K500 pour quatre personnes. Blanchir fortement quatre belles laitues, les rafraîchir puis les égoutter. Beurrer grassement un plat à gratins ovale. Dresser un lit de laitues. Assaisonner sel et poivre échalotes et cerfeuil hachés.

Mettre le loup dessus, puis sur le loup le restant d'échalotes et cerfeuil, et recouvrir tout avec le restant des feuilles de laitues. Ajouter du beurre frais, vin blanc sec, et un peu de fumet et glace de poisson. Cuire au four en arosant très souvent pendant 50 minutes environ. Le fond de cuisson doit rester sirupeux et glacer le tout.

Servir très chaud.

Just to give you a good start, "Loup" is a sea bass.

I had considered getting Mme. Prunier to translate it for me, but on second thoughts decided to go to Prunier's and order it for lunch as and when M. Marcel Muller, their chef de cuisine, can get hold of a bass, which are frequently caught off the English coast. I can then enjoy a speciality from Monte Carlo in the heart of St. James's.

Speaking of enjoyment, it is easy to enjoy a meal, but you don't always enjoy the price you have to pay for it. I experienced a remarkable exception at the New Angel Grill at the Angel at Islington, where in very gay and exceedingly comfortable surroundings (especially if you get one of the tables which go round the outside of the room where you sit in a well-padded seat in a bunk for four) I consumed an excellent fillet steak with grilled tomatoes and fried potatoes, accompanied by a glass of sherry and half a bottle of Premières Côte de Bordeaux, for the astonishing sum of 11s. 9d., a most successful experiment.

ANOTHER experiment I am sure will succeed, and certainly should, is the "Autobritn Plan" which is a plot hatched between British Railways and Victor Britain Ltd., the car hire firm. The point is that you may, for example, wish to go to Edinburgh and its environs for two or three days. If you go by train you have to hire transport at the other end or spend a lot of money on wasted time, on buses, taxis and local branch railways. If you go by car you are faced with the out and return journey of eight hundred miles of traffic, frustration and exhaustion.

With the "Autobritn" scheme you buy your ticket and book yourself a self-drive car to meet you at the other end, and hey presto! there it is. All you have had to do is to sit in peace, read, snooze, order a good lunch with what you wish to drink, and arrive fresh and contented. You then drive yourself about in comfort for the duration of your stay, and when you leave return the car to the station, step into the train, order your dinner and a bottle of wine, and sleep in peace until you are back in London.

Mention of peace brings to mind that at the Oxford Street Corner House they have opened "The Restful Tray," a self-service restaurant which is claimed to be the quietest on earth. Considering the frightful din that goes on day and night at this busy road junction, they could not have chosen a better place. The tables have their own tray rests; you sit on Dunlopillo seats, and the carpet feels as if it has a couple of inches of foam rubber underneath. Several ace acoustic experts have been responsible for the rest of the construction and the materials used. Even the trays are silent, being made of soft wood. The sound-deadening effect is so marked that customers talk twice as quietly as usual.

You don't have to pay anything until you are about to leave and go out into the noise again. A bright idea!

— I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Sweet and colourful

SUDDENLY, I realize that I have not written about my favourite way with sweet peppers—green, yellow, red—which is to stuff them with really tasty mixtures and bake them with a little tomato sauce. A grand way to make the best of small portions of meat or poultry or fish. This year, owing to the delayed spring on the Continent, peppers large enough for each to make a generous helping were very late in coming and, I suppose, they were "lost," as it were, when other vegetables and fruits arrived on time and claimed a place for themselves.

There is still time, however, to bake or steam stuffed sweet peppers, because they will remain available until early December.

I have opened the peppers in various ways but this one, I think, is the most satisfactory: With a sharp-pointed knife, cut around the top of the stem end and lift out the centre core on which the seeds are clustered. Shake out any that have fallen off and remove any stringy bits. Cut the seed core off the stem end itself. The peppers now are ready to be filled.

NO special recipe is required, unless the stuffing is to be one of the classic ones from the South of France or Spain or Italy. I suggest the following: For 4 fair-sized peppers, chop or mince a good cupful of cooked beef, lamb, veal or chicken. Melt a walnut or two of butter and in it fry a chopped smallish onion. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice (not washed but rubbed in a cloth) and stir it over a lowish heat until it is somewhat translucent and with, perhaps, the faintest touch of cream. Remove and add a teaspoon or so of tomato purée from a tube. (How useful those tubes are!)

Add a very finely chopped clove of garlic or, if you have a garlic press, the juice from it and 2 breakfastcups water. Cover and simmer gently for 20 minutes. Place a sieve over a basin and strain the rice into it. Gently simmer the minced or chopped meat with a handful of sultanas in a walnut of butter and add to the well drained rice. Taste and season as you wish. Fill the emptied peppers with the mixture. Place them in a small casserole with their open ends up and close them with the stem-end "lids."

To the drained stock from the rice, add a good teaspoon of tomato purée, a small piece of butter and, if necessary, enough water to make a fairly thin sauce. Season to taste. Pour this around the peppers, put on the lid of the casserole, and bake for 45 minutes at 375 deg. F. or, in a gas oven, Regulo mark 4.

If you prefer it, use about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced raw beef or veal. Fry it in a little dripping or butter until a nice warm brown, then carry on as before.

HERE are some variations: If you have parsley, by all means add a chopped teaspoon or so to the stuffing, but the perfect flavour in peppers is a little marjoram or basil. (For some reason which I cannot understand, few people grow these herbs, though the seeds for them are obtainable. Try a touch of basil in your next tomato dish.)

Sometimes, I use breadcrumbs in place of rice. In this case, I brown the crumbs in a little butter or olive oil in the first place. I add a pinch or two of paprika and, to make the crumbs more rich, about 2 tablespoons of grated mild cheese (for 4 peppers). I moisten the mixture with a little tomato sauce. For this, one can quite easily use a small tin of tomato soup. This stuffing, containing breadcrumbs, is better if it is not packed too tightly.

Try these fillings for vegetable marrows—not "jumbos," but reasonably smaller ones.

I have a very pleasant recipe from a friend in America which many folk, I think, would like: Cut the stem ends off 2 longish sweet peppers and remove the seeds and stringy bits as before. Mix together 3 oz. cream cheese, 1 chopped small heart of celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts and 1 tablespoon each of chopped parsley, chives and green olives. Season to taste with salt and freshly milled pepper and moisten all with a touch of mayonnaise. A pinch or two of paprika, beaten in with the mayonnaise, emphasizes the sweet pepper flavour and gives the cream filling a rather pleasing colour.

Stuff the peppers with this filling, chill if possible, then cut in half-inch slices and serve on crisp lettuce.

— Helen Burke



Harcourt



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The pure and fragrant red Bordeaux (Claret to us) include Médoc, St. Emilion, Pomerol, and many others. Of the excellent white wines, Graves is on the dry side, Sauternes richer and sweeter. From honest *ordinaires* to superb chateau wines, Bordeaux offer fine value at every price.

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The sun-baked south of France, between Atlantic and Mediterranean, produces delicious wines—red, white and *rosé*—famous locally but less known abroad. These wines, and those of Algeria, are modestly priced and excellent value.

RHONE

Much the best-known of the Côtes du Rhône wines is the glorious Chateaufeu du Pape from near Avignon. But there are many other favourites—such as Hermitage, Côte-Rôtie, and Tavel *rosé*.

TOURNAINE/ANJOU

From the valleys of the Loire and the Cher come the fresh and ever-refreshing Rosé d'Anjou; delicate Vouvray, both still and sparkling; fruity Saumur; and Muscadet, with its distinctive fragrance.



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MR. TERRENCE ROBERTSON, author of *The Golden Horseshoe* (Evans, 12s. 6d.), the biography of U-Boat ace Capt. Otto Kretschmer, discusses the book with Mrs. Kretschmer at a "launching party" given by the publishers at the Wooden Horse Club in Hertford Street, Mayfair

Clayton Evans

Book Reviews [Continuing from page 371]

Underworld of S.W.3

Here's an account of an upbringing which modern child-psychology would denounce. A stuffy, dreary nursemaid—indeed Helga's stupidity literally causes a death—a cook who tells terrifying tales, costing Liesbeth agonies in the dark; a father who snubs; a grandmother who represses; a mother who loses her temper often—what could, in the "enlightened" view, be worse? Yet dignity and propriety fill the scene; and, if Liesbeth grew up to write as does, today, Dorothea Rutherford, one can't fundamentally feel that much went wrong. Spare the complex (possibly), spoil the child!

For, as a whole, *The Threshold* is a masterpiece. Several passages in it made me weep; others gave an intense lyrical pleasure. And to crown all, here's something as cosy as Mrs. Molesworth. The translation from German into English is the work of Moura Budberg and Tania Alexander—and beautifully has it been done!

★ ★ ★

THE CHELSEA RAINBOW, by Charles Terrot (Collins, 10s. 6d.), is a light though not totally lightweight novel which I do recommend. I like it, indeed, very much better than its famously popular predecessor, *An Alligator Named Daisy*. For this latest product of Mr. Terrot's is unmarred by any mechanical element of farce; throughout it is comedy, lively and most original and, I should go so far as to say, inspired. Also, in this case we deal with fish.

Jim, an agreeable young lad, comes out after serving an eighteen-months' stretch: who first does he meet in a pub in Chelsea but Bowling, the detective who had arrested him. Disconcerting enough. But, added to that, whose daughter is Sue, red-headed art student at large in Chelsea, to prove to be? Promising start enough, but there's to be more. We find ourselves in a world Dickens might well have roamed, had he lived today—a world of fish fanciers, fighting-fish fans, fish-friers; to whom are added ex-cat burglars, a biscuit-designer—do you ever look twice at a biscuit's pattern, oh reader?—fine old Ma who runs a home-from-home for types unwelcome any place else, and last but not least Aunt Joyce Shunter. Aunt Joyce's activities range widely: she's indeed the outstanding dramatic character in *The Chelsea Rainbow*, which says much.

★ ★ ★

THE TIGRESS ON THE HEARTH, by Margery Sharp (Collins, 10s. 6d.), is a delicious mid-Victorian *pastiche*. A blameless young Devonshire squire brings back as bride, to the ancestral home, a flashing-eyed young Albanian beauty who has saved his life. Kathi, quick on the dagger, had in fact slain a man in Hugo's defence; to Papa and Mamma, naturally, this is glossed over—ostensibly, the rescue was from drowning. Only Hugo himself, as time goes on, has reason to remember Kathi's proclivities.

Docile, socially irreproachable, our *belle sauvage* takes her place in 1850 Devon county society. That the charity bazaar should coincide with the peak of an embittered election fight, and that Kathi (now Kathy) should happen to be adorning the knitted goods stall in Albanian full rig, complete with dagger, is, of course, just a matter of chance—a chance unfortunate for the rival candidate. . . .

Miss Sharp tells this beguiling story—which is, alas, only too short—with a blend of irony and gaiety: seldom has she, I think, been in better vein. Cherish *The Tigress On The Hearth*, which is happily illustrated by Peter Emmerich. Ideal, this, for a gift, or a guest's bedside.



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menu

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By HELEN BURKE



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THEY ARE ENGAGED

Pearl Freeman

Miss Mary McCorquodale, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Norman McCorquodale, of Maxton House, St. Boswell's, Roxburghshire, is to marry Capt. Fergus Bowes-Lyon, Scots Guards, elder son of the late Hon. M. C. H. Bowes-Lyon and of the Hon. Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, of Eaton Place, London, S.W.1



Fayer

Miss Shirley Anne Baddeley, younger daughter of Sir John Baddeley, Bt., and Lady Baddeley, of Quintins, Watersfield, Pulborough, Sussex, is engaged to Mr. Alan Richard Anthony Smith, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Grout Smith, of Aldwick Bay, Bognor Regis



Lenare

Miss Pamela Hennin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Hennin, of Pont Street, Chelsea, London, S.W.3, is engaged to be married to Mr. Michael Marsh, second son of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Marsh, of Dolobron, Davenham, Cheshire



Havitt

Miss Patricia Mary Jeans, daughter of Capt. F. W. H. Jeans, C.V.O., R.N., Reid., and Mrs. Jeans, of Lynwick, Rudgwick, Sussex, who is engaged to marry Mr. Kenneth McAlpine, youngest son of Sir Malcolm McAlpine, K.B.E., and Lady McAlpine, of Fairmile Court, Cobham, Surrey



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Helena Rubinstein

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Mortesen—Sherbrooke. Lt.-Cdr. Axel Stanley Mortesen, son of the late Mr. Andreas Mortesen, of Klitmøller, Denmark, and Mrs. Mortesen, of Hedon, Yorkshire, married Miss Juliet Lilian Sherbrooke, daughter of Rear-Admiral Robert St. Vincent Sherbrooke, V.C., and Mrs. Sherbrooke, of Oxtou, Newark, Notts, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Butler—Molesworth-St. Aubyn. Mr. Adam Courtauld Butler, second son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. R. A. Butler, of Stanstead Hall, Halstead, Essex, and the late Mrs. Butler, married Miss Felicity Sybil Molesworth-St. Aubyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Molesworth-St. Aubyn, of Braughing, Herts, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



Jackwell—Denholm-Young. S/Ldr. Jeffrey Jackwell, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. D. Jackwell, of Toowoomba, Queensland, married Miss Denholm-Young, elder daughter of Brig. and Mrs. E. G. Denholm-Young, at St. John the Baptist Church, Canberra, Australia

THEY WERE MARRIED



Reuss—Manning. Mr. Gilbert A. K. Reuss, youngest son of the late Mr. R. B. L. Reuss, and of Mrs. Reuss, of Hook Heath, Woking, married Miss Dora Catherine Mary Manning, daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Sir William Manning, G.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B., and of Lady Manning, of Hampton Court Palace, at the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court Palace

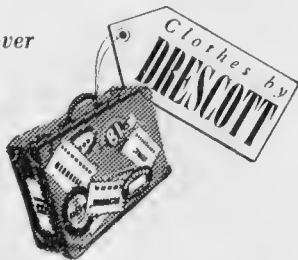


Guinness—von Furstenberg. Mr. Patrick Guinness, son of Mr. Loel Guinness and of Joan Princess Aly Khan, married Countess Dolores von Furstenberg, daughter of Count Franz Egon von Furstenberg and Mrs. Loel Guinness, at St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, in Paris



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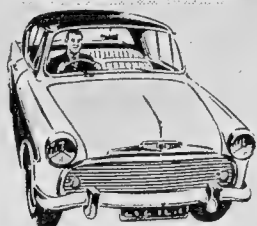
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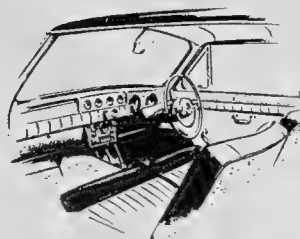
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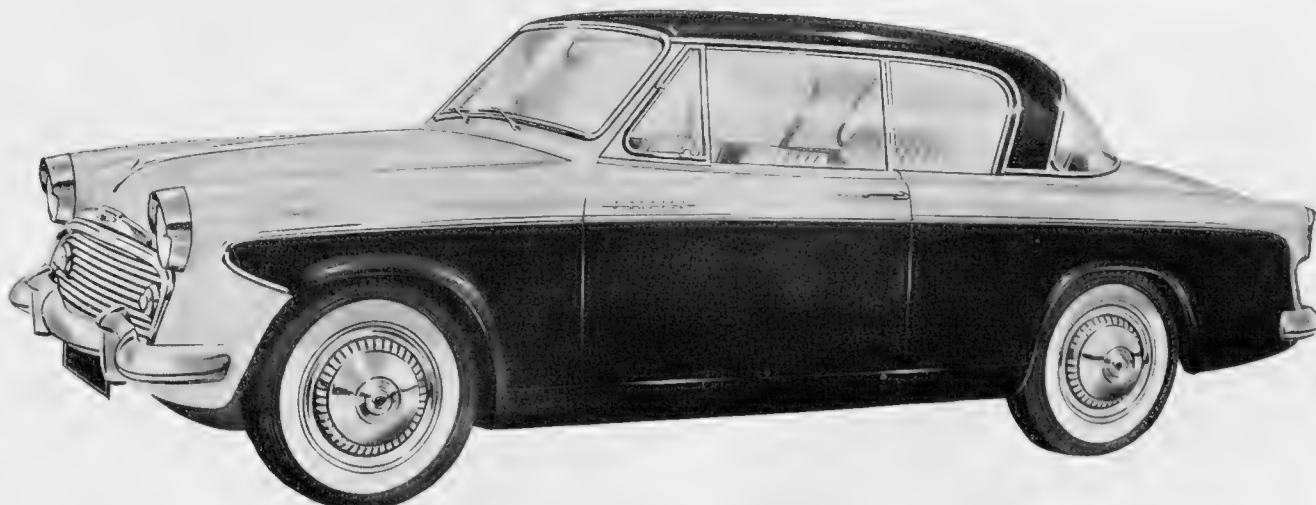
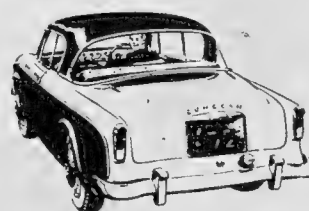


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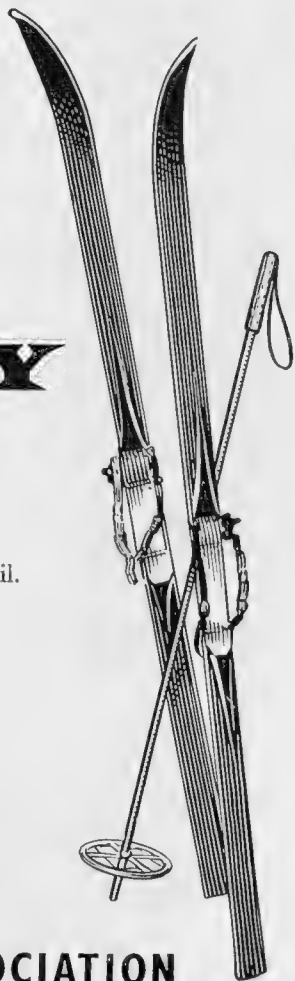
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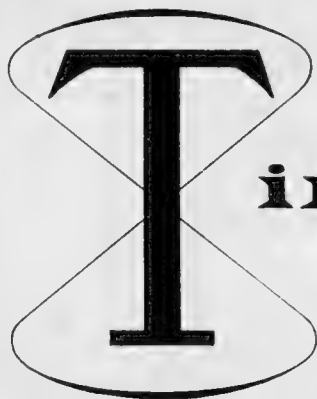
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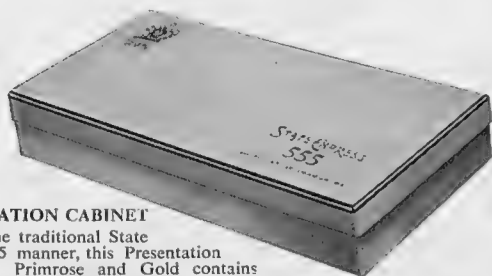


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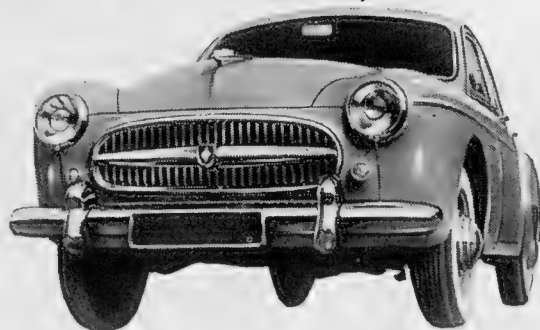
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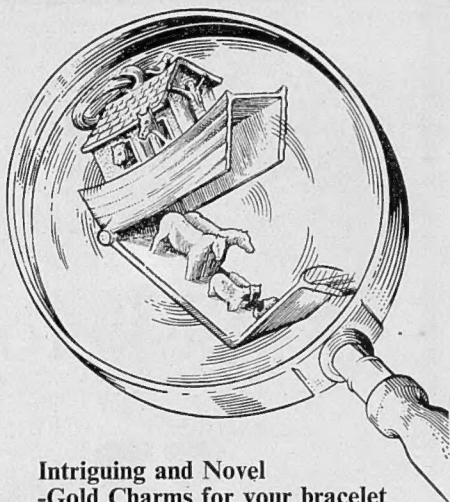
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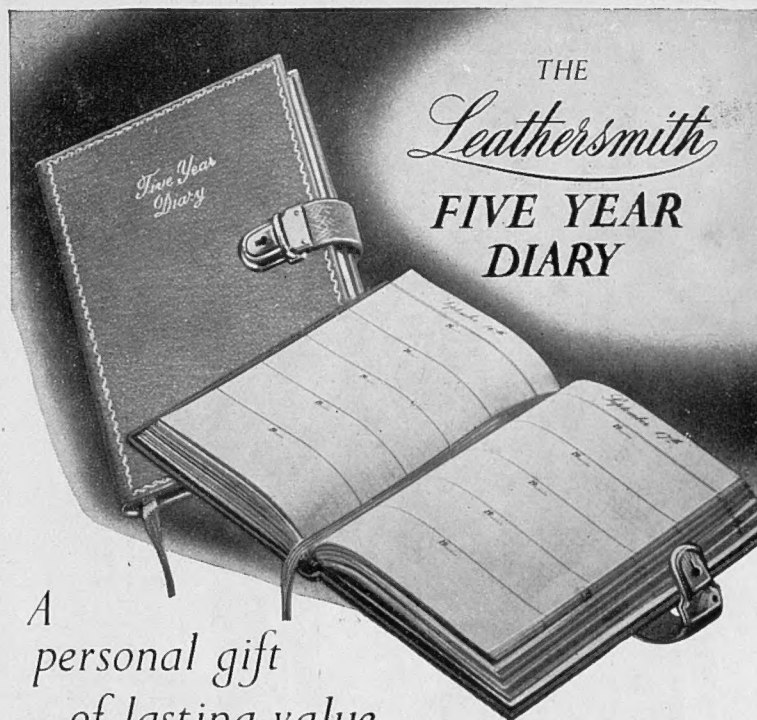
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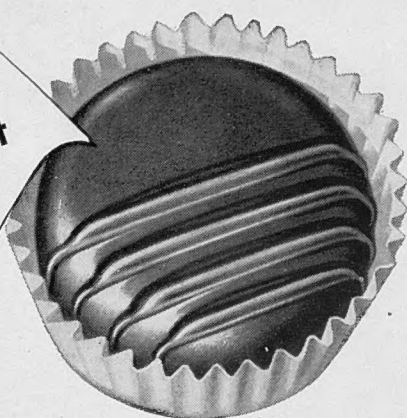
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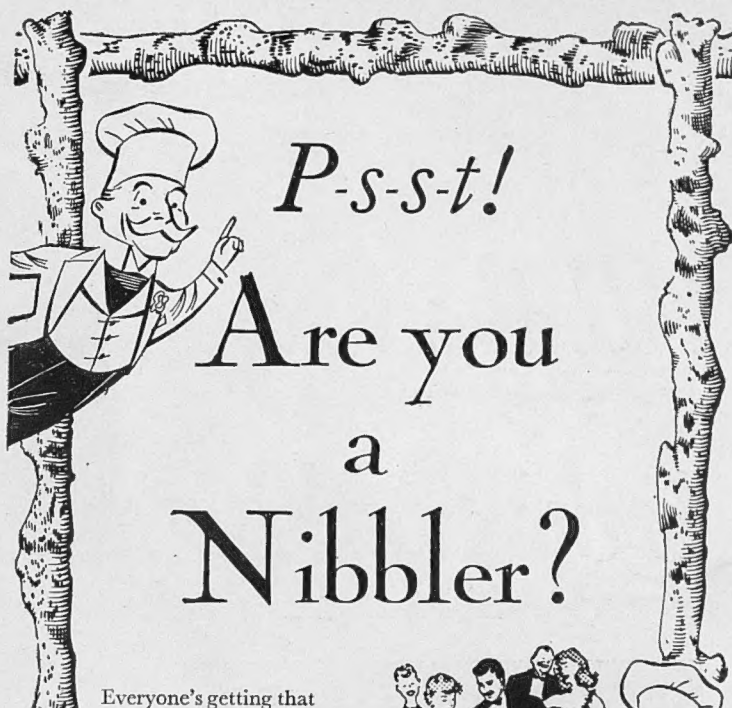
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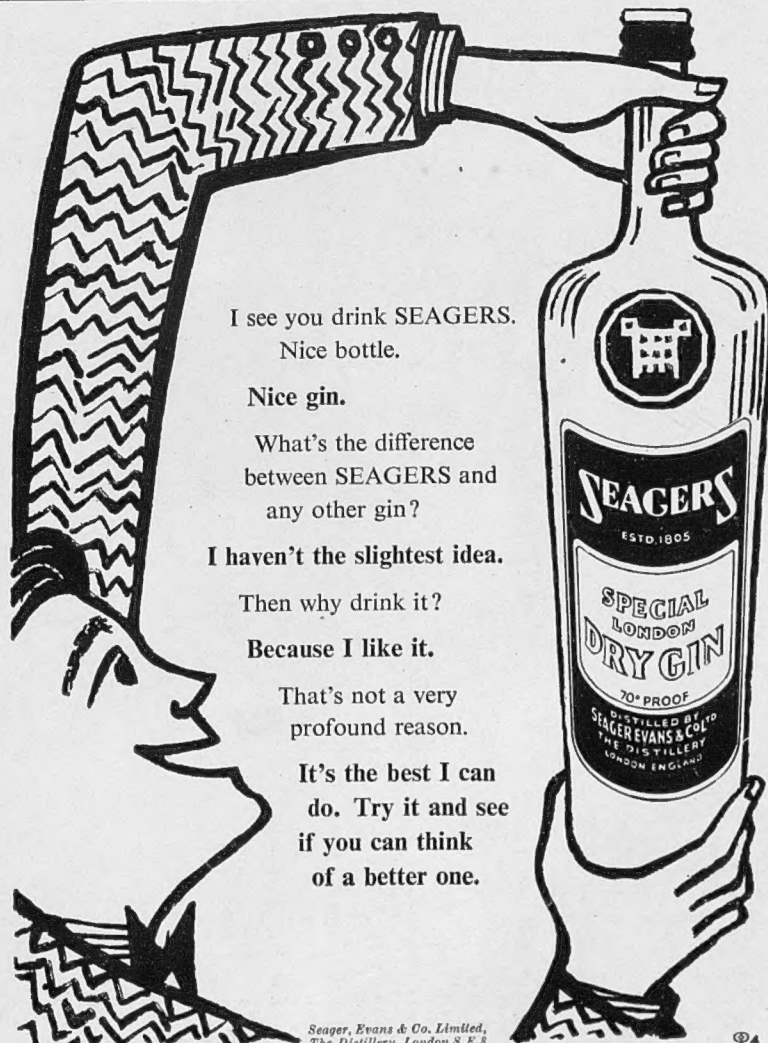
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